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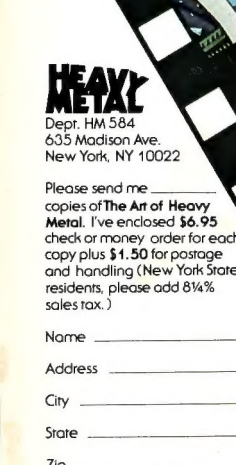

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DOSSIER

"Innovation is linked to ideology, and the ideology of today is to sell things."

TANNER MERCIES

Are the films of **Alain Tanner** political tracts, portraits of lives that have jumped the tracks, or are they explorations of the limits of cinema? Often, they're all of the above, and in a year when a vulgar soap opera like *The Big Chill* has American critics mooing like a herd of contented cows, Tanner's ***Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000*** seems more than ever *the* classic study of a generation re-assessing itself in the wake of the political turmoil of the 1960s.

Born in Geneva in 1929, Alain Tanner is a former economist (his politics are Marxist) who became an experimental filmmaker in the late fifties (his first film was a short entitled ***Nice Time***) before making his feature film debut with ***Charles, Dead or Alive*** in 1969. What followed were films that usually focused on enigmatic characters in the throes of class struggle, films that thrust Tanner into the front ranks of European filmmakers.

All told, Tanner has directed eight features, including ***La Salamandre*** (1972), ***Le Retour D'Afrique*** (1973), ***Messidor*** (1979), and ***Light Years Away*** (1980). His most recent film, ***In the White City***, which was an entry in the last New York Film Festival, is the story of a drifter (Bruno Ganz) who runs aground in present-day Lisbon, a victim of spiritual paralysis. *In the White City* is a hypnotic exercise in *cinéma d' anomie* that deliberately stretches both the limits of the medium and the patience of the audience. It is a film without a narrative, consisting instead of a series of lyrical images (in both 35 and Super 8 mm) that are designed to approximate and evoke a sense of disconnection and alienation. If *In the White City* has a message, it is that modern life is no life at all.

—James Verniere

HM: Are you comfortable making a film without a narrative structure?

AT: Well, you're always uncomfortable making a film. In the case of *White City* it was constantly dealing with panic, which is all right because of the kind of film it is. The difficulty you run into is that you are always aware that the dramatic structure is in danger. We shot the film in sequence, and each night I would go to my hotel and write the scenes for the following day. So I was able to follow the lead of my heart and not the lines of a script. The risk is that you may lose yourself to detail, to atmosphere.

Alain Tanner twiddles his thumbs.
Photo © 1984 Robin Holland

HM: What do you gain?

AT: You gain the opportunity to focus attention on imagery. There is a shot of a window that lasts for one minute and twenty seconds, during which time you are forced to see that it is more than just a window. It becomes full of tension. I learned a lot about the duration of an image through that shot. I must tell you that the whole project was not very rational. We jumped into it without really knowing where we were going.

HM: *In the White City* is about the suspension of time. How do you make a film like that when film by its very nature is temporal?

AT: Movies are about time and space; the very structure of a movie is completely destroyed by the Hollywood convention of compressing time, destroying time. In Hollywood the story is the only thing which interests them. The story and the identification of the spectators with the players. It's the basis of entertainment, and—I don't want to get dogmatic, since good entertainment is good—but I'm doing something different. The Hollywood film doesn't give space to a lot of what we experience in life, which is silence, which is dead moments. Dead moments can be very fruitful. American movies are full of sound: all talk, talk, talk. There is not a single message conveyed through the image.

HM: Is the film a reflection of your state of mind as a filmmaker?

AT: Yes, and it's a metaphor for today. I think that in the past we felt linked to events because of our ideologies. Today, we are disconnected, and reality is absurd. Politics are very pessimistic. It used to be class struggle with something very clear at stake. But today politics is like management. It is not about humans at all. It is about managing government.

HM: Have you found that a sense of malaise has permeated the artistic community as well?

AT: It's impotent, and it's terrible. Plus the economic crisis, which makes people seek out cheap entertainments, so they can forget.

HM: If we can get back to *White City* for a moment, why did you mingle Super 8 and 35 mm imagery?

AT: Well, it is a filmmaker's idea. It isn't a film within a film. I used it to create an interplay between reality (35mm), and mentality and memory (Super 8). Sometimes, I find Super 8 more interesting than 35 mm.

HM: Is film in danger of becoming a lost art form?

AT: Real filmmaking, yes. It is because of television, which is not even an image. It's a kind of black hole which is absorbing the meaning of the world. It swallows things and kills the memory of everything. Film still belongs to mythology, to the

"I don't think human nature will allow a utopia to exist."

mirror, to the magic. Unfortunately, less and less so because it is now getting too much like television. In fact, most films are now made for both media.

HM: Isn't it possible to make art for television?

AT: I don't think so. It might be useful for information. But it's just a radio, a radio you're forced to sit in front of.

HM: Will filmmaking become an innovative form again?

AT: I can't say. I'm not a prophet. But I can't see how we can get out of the tyranny of television and publicity. Innovation is linked to ideology, and the ideology of today is to sell things. You can't tell the difference anymore between television shows, movies, and advertisements. They all do the same thing.

HM: Do you feel betrayed by your colleagues who shared your ideology in the sixties but have now become part of the "management," as you call it?

AT: I don't feel betrayed. In fact, they often tell me I am betraying them with my films. They say that I have no more message to give them. In the sixties, people wanted filmmakers to deliver messages constantly. Today, the European, aggressive, *petit bourgeois* man wants to see an image of himself glorified upon the screen. He wants to be reassured.

HM: If you could imagine a utopia, what would it be like?

AT: I have not the slightest idea. I don't think human nature will allow a utopia to exist.

PKD REDUX

Berkley Books have at last issued, nearly two years since their first announcements, printings of two **Philip K. Dick** rarities. While the availability of these works is an exciting and laudable prospect, neither is as important as fiction as it is as a collectable.

The Cosmic Puppets, Dick's fifth novel, has been unavailable since 1957. This may well have been deliberate on Dick's part, seeing it's little more than a quick-the-rent's-due SF-mystery, written well before he found his artistic identity. It begins like one of those dull, hour-long *Twilight Zones*—a man revisits his hometown and finds it "changed" and surrounded by a barrier—and ends like *Exorcist II*, with the God of Evil loosing a plague of snakes, rats, and walking golems on the townsfolk, while becoming a tentacled blob with "cadavers littered through its jelly, in all stages of decomposition." (Next morning, the hero summarizes this as "an unusually strenuous night!") The book's female characters are delineated solely in terms of their breasts and black hair and, indeed, the prose is so knockernutty that the hero drives free of his bucolic nightmare on a road nestled between "two swelling mountains." It's only for completists, who will spy in its hastily-written pages embryonic signposts of the great books Dick would later write. (A circle of children preoccupied with mind-animated clay figurines clearly looks ahead to the Perky Pat playsets in *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, and its notion of an old-fashioned town hidden under an illusory layer of newfangled otherness is the very soul of *Ubik*.)

The Unteleported Man, Berkley's other posthumous PKD offering, is distinguished by its premiere of the 1966 novel's long-rumored, psychedelic "missing half." The two halves of the work were written at least a year apart and, consequently —though anchored by a couple of Dick's most intriguing premises—this edition has a raw, schizophrenic nature that is further confused by slapdash editing. The new fragment doesn't appear to have been touched or, sometimes, even reread; it reads raggedly (too many sentences end with "to say the least") and often ties hyperbole into knots when clarity is desirable (someone has an "unease-manufacturing" feeling, when an "uneasy" one would do). The book's hero —a quixotic guy who chooses to travel for eighteen years, via starship, to Paradise rather than be molecularly-teleported there in a matter of seconds—is struck by an LSD dart at the outset of Part Two, and his trip rather arrogantly replaces the plot that compels us through Part One. In the few really *inspired* moments of the new material, Dick uses his novel as a character within itself, but it's really just a glimpse of the mind that made this writer legendary.

The Philip K. Dick Society ($5.00 a year to Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442) announced in its second newsletter that a 1979 revision of *The Unteleported Man* has been found, including a new first chapter and title (*Lies, Inc.*), with the second half rearranged for greater impact. Let's hope Berkley goes after it. Under Paul Williams's supervision, the Society —with only two mailings, as of this writing—has already performed wonderful services for its members, providing them with news, correspondence, advertising space, and, best of all, unpublished Dickiana. The tone of the newsletters is loose but serious, a fond reflection of the character that inspired them to happen.

—Timothy R. Lucas

DEADBEAT

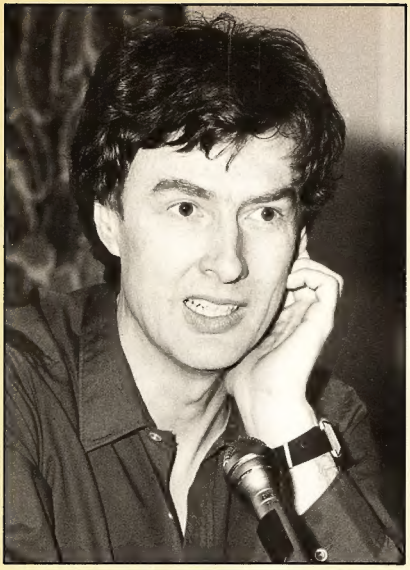
What can I say about **George R.R. Martin**'s ***The Armageddon Rag*** (Poseidon/Simon and Schuster)—which digs up the corpse of sixties rock banality and "Movement" cliché—except that the novel stinks? The garbled plot is told by Sander Blair, a middle-aged writer who never attended rock'n'roll kindergarten. He believes rock was spontaneously generated in about 1966, and has passively kept his ears and eyes alienated since 1969. That Donna Summer and "the man" offed his music and made his life miserable constitute Blair's only political and cultural articles of faith. In the pathetic fallacy of Blair's universe, women have transmuted from earthmothers into bitches who make money and dance to disco.

The novel simulates the reality of a musician's life even less convincingly than the hero simulates sex. How can Blair and the musicians move through the musical riches of 1980s Brooklyn, New York's Lower East Side, and New Mexico without hearing one bar of the music that broadcasts the life of the people who live there? The *Rag*'s interpretation of the sixties significantly leaves out what came from musicians' explorations into blues, soul, and jazz—the fountainhead of rock. The only non-white musician given honorable mention is dead Hendrix.

Fortunately, most of the musicians who made rock back then—and those who make it now—know better than to suck on an empty teat for energy. They're sweating blood all over the place, making music that isn't only male, white, and middle-class.

The reader can't escape certain questions after reading such a bad book about rock by an sf writer. Why would someone want to tell a story about music when it holds only a nominal place in his heart? Why are sf writers so hostile to contemporary music that utilizes state-of-the-art technology? Why are fantasy writers so terrified of cultural change that they prefer mutant dreams of the past to the vitality and challenge of the present? The *Rag*'s only response to questions like these is, "Are you a part of the problem, or are you a part of the solution?"

—Constance Ash



Charles Platt: "With a Finger in my Ear."
Photo © 1984 Jeff Schalles

DREAM ANALYSIS

Science fiction non-fiction is a notorious mug's game; hard to sell, overlooked by all but the hardened sf fan and reviewer. Mug or not, **Charles Platt** has put his foot in it with the publication of ***Dream Makers II: The Uncommon Men and Women Who Write Science Fiction*** (Berkley), and against all odds has emerged not only unscathed but positively triumphant. In their quiet way *Dream Makers* and its sequel have managed to stagger our conception of what science fiction is and what it is not, who writes it and why, and all without losing the prime-time audience.

Of course, Platt's been around and can distinguish shit from shinola. As editor of *New Worlds* Magazine in the late sixties and early seventies, Platt was at the fore of sf's New Wave. Later he bullied Avon Books into giving him free reign of their influential "SF Rediscovery" series, wrote for the LA *Free Press* and *Fetish Times*, and used part of the profits from *Dream Makers I* to found the (reviled or beloved) critical journal, *The Patchin Review*.

The *Dream Makers* books are modestly enough described as "interviews" with fifty-seven movers and shakers of sf, enough varieties of sf types to make a good ketchup. It's a mixed bag that Platt attempts; Arthur C. Clarke hard by William Burroughs, L. Ron Hubbard, Spinrad, Niven, and King. At their finest these conversations (written up in profile format) are more like brief lives than the standard Q&A sessions. Platt is at his best with the ones who have just a touch of madness to preen; his evocations of the life and thought of a Stephen King, a Janet Morris, a Robert Anton Wilson are pure genius. With the staid, the comfortable, the secure he loses his touch—with Andre Norton his questioning is about as incisive as a census form, and interviewing Poul Anderson you can feel him shift around nervously in his seat. But when he's hot, Platt can be burning and bright, making perfect sense of a nonsensical profession. For the first time ever in a popular work of sf non-fiction, somebody is reaching into the core of the sf experience, and finding in the midst of the implausible a kind of truth that holds for all attentive writers, in or out of genre.

—John Silbersack

Platt's Believe It or Not! Or: Ten Fun Facts You Too Can Learn from *Dream Makers II*

1) Jerry Pournelle keeps a loaded gun under his desk!
2) William Burroughs keeps a blowgun handy for "silent assassinations!"
3) As of a few years ago, Christopher Priest had read every word Piers Anthony had written—and suddenly couldn't sell any of his books to a publisher!
4) Keith Laumer has thirty-eight junked Mercury Cougars scattered around his yard!
5) Jack Vance sold a story to a Hollywood producer because the guy liked one sentence in it!
6) Theodore Sturgeon took EST training and was shortly thereafter asked to write a sequel to *Alien*!
7) Donald A. Wollheim had to bring Hugo Gernsback to court in 1934 to get the ten dollars owed him for a story the "Father of Science Fiction" published in *Wonder Stories*!
8) The first time *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*'s editor Ed Ferman was introduced to Isaac Asimov, the irrepressible Dr. A. groped the left tit of Ferman's date!
9) By the age of five, Alice Sheldon (aka James Tiptree, Jr.) thought nothing of having six large naked cannibals at her beck and call. She later worked in the clandestine services of the CIA!
10) Robert Anton Wilson wasn't kidding!

—Lou Stathis

SHIT LIST

Science-fiction fans, like most cultists, enjoy compiling ordered collections of things relating to the object of their desire. Symptoms of the sf Aquisition Intake Syndrome (SF-AIDS) include precariously balanced stacks of paperbacks (Ace Doubles for the hardcore habits), crumbling pulp magazines, and selected comics (Ditko *Dr. Strange*, Steranko *Nick Fury*, and Corben undergrounds)—but most especially, and peculiarly, trivia lists. Amongst a certain coterie, obscure information occupies a position of importance as high as any concrete commodity, and even represents currency toward initiation into an exalted circle of fanatic obssessives. With all the inevitability of muggers descending on a midnight-strolling tourist in Central Park, a pair of books pandering to these unfortunate SF-AIDS victims has arrived; one is relatively worthwhile, the other shamelessly exploitative.

Maxim Jakubowski and **Malcolm Edwards** are a pair of limey writer/editors who should know better. Their ***SF Book of Lists*** (Berkley) is a half-assed assemblange of

who-gives-a-shit info, inadequately researched and haphazardly arranged. The absence of an index, contents page, and sufficient publication data (dates, periodical names, etc.), as well as some absurdly lame errors (ever heard of a Varley novel called *The Ophiuchi Canal*?) render the book worthless as reference. Also, of particular annoyance to this writer, is the mention of our frog-father *Metal Hurlant* and attribution to them for the *Heavy Metal* Movie (they had nothing to do with it), without even a passing reference to *HM*. Cheeky bastards.

At least fellow Brit **Mike Ashley** took the time (or hired a drone) to compile a table of contents and arrange ***The Illustrated Book of Science Fiction Lists*** (Cornerstone/Simon & Schuster) into some coherent order. It's still ultimately a pretty stupid endeavor ("Fifty SF Writers Who Were Pro Vietnam, and Fifty Who Were Anti"—fascinating, eh?), but at least it gives the appearance of being *edited* as opposed to accumulated by accretion. The added bonus of pix aplenty also contributes to the relief of visual and cerebral tedium.

All that *really* emerges from this pair of shelf-fillers is a sense of the true imaginative breadth of science fiction—and the depths to which some will stoop to cash in on it.

—Lou Stathis

"ANOTHER SLIM VOLUME OF MODERN ENGLISH POETRY!" SHRIEKED JACOBSEN

BAXTABBING

Glen Baxter is forty years old, and hails from a land with which he shares his sinister initials. He has a wife who prefers to remain nameless, and two innocent children that go without that right: they are Harry and Zoë. Mr. Baxter seems amiable enough at first glance but, no, one does not leave their back open to him . . . nor does one show any fear. A representative example of Mr. Baxter's wanton abuse of 1930s young boys' adventure story illustration (i.e., my favorite) is a drawing in his 1981 collection, ***The Impending Gleam*** (Knopf): a cowboy starts to stagger back from a huge blank canvas in an unidentified gallery; its caption reads, IT WAS TOM'S FIRST BRUSH WITH MODERNISM. More evidence of Mr. Baxter's infamously unwholesome nature can be found in two other Knopf volumes, ***Atlas*** (1979) and his highly suspect autobiography, ***Glen Baxter His Life: The Years of Struggle*** (1983). The following interview was conducted in utter silence, with notes passed back and forth, and the reader shall be forewarned—Mr. Baxter offers no apologies. I should know.

—Robert Morales

HM: How have you made your living till your recent success?

GB: Fraud, embezzlement, theft—(laughter). Well, I have a little teaching job that I do two days a week; I teach fine arts at Goldsmith College in London. The rest of the time I do my writing and drawing and painting. I worked for *The Observer* every week, and *Vanity Fair*. Then postcards and exhibitions . . . .

HM: So you're a veritable budding industry.

GB: Baxter Industries, yeah.

HM: What sort of response has your work accumulated over your career?

GB: I've been doing it for fifteen years; nothing much really happened until about three or four years ago, when something went dramatically wrong (laughter) with civilization.

HM: Have you always done the same sort of full-page cartoons, or is that a recent development?

GB: Well, let's dress it back. When I left art college in 1965, I moved down to London from my hometown in Leeds, Yorkshire, and I used to do a bit of writing. I was very interested in the poetry of that time, and especially the New York poets; in fact, Frank O'Hara was one of my favorites. I was also very interested in dada and surrealism in college: my favorite period in history was the turn of the century in Paris up until the first World War. And the figure of Apollinaire, surrounded by all these amazing artists and writers—just that whole sort of ambiance of capitalist society and people doing incredible, outrageous, crazy things, brilliant things, seemed to me to be an ideal thing.

HM: Yeah, people at a turning point in history, walking around like they know it.

GB: Yeah; and so there wasn't a great deal going on in England at that point. So I turned my attention to New York—a lot of surrealist and dada poets have been translated by New Yorkers, like O'Hara, John Ashberry, Ron Padgett, Larry Fagin. I got into communication with them and they sent me magazines. That was my audience for a while. In 1973, Fagin published a little pamphlet of mine called *The Khaki*, which was a collection of my short prose pieces and about four or five drawings with captions. That's what brought me to New York in 1974. I had an exhibition at the Gotham Book Mart Gallery, and I met Edward Gorey there, who was very supportive—and to meet somebody that you admire, and get that kind of response, was a real joy for me.

About 1978, I had my first gallery exhibition in London, which a Dutch publisher saw, and he was just amazed that nobody wanted to publish me in England, so he invited me over to Amsterdam where we compiled *Atlas* . . . I quite literally had given up all hope of getting any attention in England, and thought my destiny would be, you know, Amsterdam and New Amsterdam. Then, unfortunately, the English people caught up with me in 1980.

HM: And what's your prose like?

GB: Terrible. Actually, it's the work of a total genius (laughs). It's in a similar vein to the drawings and the captions; it's like adventure story writing—but somehow become incredibly condensed and concise and peculiar. You know, that element of mystery and suspense and, finally, humor is what the books are all about. Part of the nature of my work is that it's kind of mystifying: you're sort of sailing along quite happily, and suddenly you get three torpedoes amidships and down you go. I try to wrong-foot people, with the innocuous-looking drawings, and then there's a caption that subverts what's going on. I make these books like they are so, hopefully, they might attempt to defy categorization—and lead to misunderstandings and brawls in the streets.

HM: Which reminds me—how do you come by your fixation with American westerns?

GB: Well, it's quite easy: England's been bombarded with American culture since I was a young lad. We used to go to the Saturday matinees and see all these Randolph Scott and Gabby Hayes movies—you know, all the great B-films, Flash Gordon, Three Stooges. We had

A bit of Baxter (from *Atlas*).
© 1983 Glen Baxter

Baxter: "I make these books like they are so, hopefully, they might defy categorization—and lead to misunderstandings and brawls in the streets."

everything. American comics, of course. They were like the outpourings of some exotic, far-away place at a time when it may have taken twenty-two hours to fly the Atlantic; so your language becomes dissipated and returns in this transmuted form. When I got a little bit older somebody gave me a book of S.J. Perelman, and then I started reading about James Thurber and all the guys that worked for *The New Yorker*.

HM: Let's talk about *His Life*—have you been disowned yet by the rest of the Baxter clan?

GB: I hope so. Not a day too soon!

HM: Isn't there supposed to be a film version?

GB: I made a thirty-minute television program. It was screened in November on the day all the papers in England were on strike.

HM: Animated?

GB: It's got live-action, animation, (laughs) lot's of shots of woodgrain, that kind of thing.

HM: Will it be coming to the States soon?

GB: Well, I think the people that run London Weekend Television quite often sell their programs in America. In fact, I think there's a guy who's peddling it on 39th Street right now (Mad Laughter)!

HM: Is there another volume of your autobiography in the works?

GB: I've thought about *The Years of Success*, then *The Years of Drug Abuse*, then *The Years of Senility*. Then I think I should start doing them out of sequence, like *Star Wars*. I think there's enough to keep me going for the next 120 years.

HM: What's the reaction been in England to *The Years of Struggle* so far?

GB: Astonishment. Amazement, massive indifference, hysteria, panic—

HM: Gee, I would've thought there'd be a more poignant response (Baxter laughs) . . . but I guess nobody's really saying.

GB: (After a pause) Exactly.

What was that you said about my last record, chump? John Lydon enjoys himself in his first film role, as the pansy cop-killer in Roberto Faenza's *Corrupt*.

Photo © 1983 New Line Cinema

PIL-GRIM'S PROGRESS

It's difficult to fathom **Johnny "Rotten" Lydon** having any degree of commercial success, but in Japan he happens to be as big as Deep Purple ever were. In this light, Public Image, Ltd.'s guitarist **Keith Levene** took it upon himself to book an extensive tour of Japan for extravagant fees, a fact which teed Lydon off (he'd much rather sit at home and collect his royalties). On the eve of said tour, Levene decided he preferred the married life of leisure here in the USA and quit the band. Lydon was thus left without the crucial member of his backing unit on the eve of a tour he didn't particularly care to do. To remedy this, he hired two members of a New Jersey PIL clone band—Joseph Guida (guitar) and Tom Zvoncheck (keys)—to do the tour, and this rather silly band's Tokyo date is well-documented on ***Live In Tokyo: Public***

WRAB
THE PIRATE TELEVISION STATION CURE: RECORD REVIEWS WITH RON POST
©1984 MATT HOWARTH
CHAIN-MALL RECORD SHOPS TYPE PLACE
DO YOU HAVE METAL DANCE, THE NEW 12-INCH IMPORT SINGLE BY SURGICAL PENIS KLINIK?
YES, INDEEDIE, THEY CALL THEMSELVES JUST SPK NOW—AND ELEKTRA'S RELEASED IT IN THIS COUNTRY—IT'S OVER, IN THE DISCO SECTION, SIR.
~WHAT?!
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ODD TASTE IN MUSIC, SIR. I PERSONALLY FEEL THERE'S MORE TO DISCO THAN BANGING TIME ON AN OXYGEN TANK. IT IS A NICE PHOTO OF THE BAND, THOUGH.
~WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?! THEY LOOK HEALTHY—WHERE ARE THE CANDID PIX OF CORPSES?! THIS ISN'T SPK!
I ASSURE YOU, SIR—THERE IS ONLY ONE SPK. WOULD YOU CARE TO HEAR IT?
HONOHO—THIS IS JUST BAD HONOHO—WHERE'S MY PAIN? THEY SOLD OUT! THEY'VE GONE MILQUO—LOST THEIR CRUCIAL EDGE—THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR—THEIR INTEGRITY—HOW COULD THIS'VE HAPPENED?
~IT'S NEW ORDER ALL OVER AGAIN! I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN A BAND THAT'S THE BEST AT WHAT THEY DO CHOOSE TO CHANGE DIRECTION AND ACHIEVE MEDIOCRITY WITH THEIR NEW SOUND! I HATE IT—I HATE IT!!
IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL IT? IN THIS COUNTRY WE CALL IT SUCCESS...
THIS IS NOT A DOCUMENTATION

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT PROFITS—I'M TALKING ABOUT SHIFTING GEARS WITH NO SACRIFICE!
~LIKE THIS IMPORT ALBUM: FUSION, BY DIDIER LOCKWOOD, JANNICK TOP, CHRISTIAN VANNIER, AND BENOIT WIDEMANN—ALL VETERAN ALUMNI OF THE LEGENDARY SPACE-ENSEMBLE-MAGMA!
FUSION
OH DEAR—NOT MORE ALIEN LANGUAGE GREGORIAN-CHANTS POINTING THE WAY OUT OF MY SUBCONSCIOUS—MAGMA IS TOO OPPRESSIVE FOR ME, SIR.
GREAT—THEN YOU'LL SEE MY POINT EVEN BETTER—NOW, I'LL FEED YOU TO THE MALL'S ESCALATOR!
(*ON THE FRENCH LABEL: DISQUES JMS)—VOICE-OVER
GRACIOUS! THIS IS NOTHING LIKE MAGMA! WHY—THIS IS JUST STRAIGHT JAZZ!!
"JUST" NOTHING! LISTEN TO THAT RAPID-FIRE VIOLIN, THAT AIR-TIGHT BASS, THE PRIMO PERCUSSION. THE PROGRESSIVE KEYBOARDS—THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST JAZZ RECORDS TO COME OUT OF EUROPE IN YEARS!! AND BEST OF ALL—THIS ALBUM IS PERFECT DRIVING MUSIC!
~BUT... IT'S JUST NOT MY CUP OF TEA, SIR. SORRY.
JUST WHAT THE HELL DO YOU DRINK, THEN?
WELL, SIR, ALTHOUGH A LOT OF THE NEW MUSIC SOUNDS ALIKE, I FIND GREAT PLEASURE IN THE "JIM NABOR PLAYS BRASS" ALBUM—IT'S A NEW HIGH FOR GOOD OL' GOMER—
JIM NABOR
WHERE'S THAT HAMMER? HAFTA PUT HIM OUTTA HIS MISERY—
AND SO, AS RON CLOSES IN, WE FADE OUT FOR THIS REVIEW.

Image, Ltd. (UK Virgin), a two-disc/45 rpm set which helps lend credence to the band's eastern popularity. From the first strains of Lydon's whining on "Annalisa" to his yelping "Under the House" it is readily apparent that his vocal stylings more closely resemble the Japanese tongue than any English variant. The Japanese have embraced him as one of their own because they, unlike Yanks and Limeys, almost understand what he's singing.

Now that's all well and good for this Johnny if he wishes to remain strictly a peripheral member of the rock community. But the fact of the matter is he's a genuine rock visionary with something to contribute to us Westerners, but as his career has been riddled with business problems, he's been wholly unable to break through on any level here in the US of A. If his desire is truly to wreak havoc on the world and the record industry—as he's stated in the press from Sex Pistols days onwards—he's going about it all wrong. All he's got to do is put together a real band—not some slapdash noisemakers—and get his management situation together so he can do a real tour, put out a real record, and get a foothold in the American charts. Then, when he's a big star and all his company's yes-men are begging for his attention, he can do what every other popular band does in a similar situation: make I-don't-give-a-shit records designed to destroy or at least realign the music industry (which could use a shot of intelligent abuse). Any geek can stand at the sidelines and complain how crappy the business is, but surely if you've got the ability to climb to the top and tear it apart, exercising that option is your duty. Avoiding his responsibility, John Lydon has become a boring old pest; certainly no more promising than Asia or John Cougar.

—John & Sally Tiven

David Keith (left), Martin Sheen, and Mark Lester communicate telepathically on the set of *Firestarter*.

Photo © 1984 Universal City Studios, Inc.

NAHALLYWOOD

Director **Mark Lester** sits at a desk in his California home/headquarters and chuckles over an issue of *Time* magazine. In the Education section, coupled with text concerning Reagan's new "get tough with students" policy, is a picture from Lester's recent ***Class of 1984***. In the still, teacher Roddy McDowell has a gun trained on a punk student, Vincent Van Patten. The caption reads "One answer to disruption as shown in the movie *The Class of 1984*."

"I love it," the thirty-eight-year-old director chuckles. "I love it." The fact that *Time* magazine has singled out his *Clockwork Orange*-Goes-to-High-School flick for its editorial statement jibes with his philosophy of filmmaking.

"I like my movies to be more than just entertainment. They also have something to say. I try to give films a little more than just action. *Everybody* can enjoy them that way. The mass audiences in drive-ins can whoop at the car chases and the college audiences can think about the editorial statement. Some of my movies have been action-circuit hits and college campus cult movies as well."

Lester, who has just finished work on **Stephen King's *Firestarter*** (featuring George C. Scott, Drew Barrymore, Martin Sheen, Art Carney, and David Keith), rose to fame in the 1970s as one of the most prolific action directors around, with such films as ***Steel Arena***, ***Truck Stop Women***, ***Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw***, ***Stunts***, and ***Gold of the Amazon Women*** to his credit. In the 1980s, he directed ***Roller Boogie*** and ***Class of 1984***, as well as serving as executive producer for ***Funhouse***.

In his mind, Lester finds a collective thread to his varied thrill-oriented pictures. "I like to think my movies are examples of action-Americana. Slices of American life that underscore a sense of adventure. If they put all my pictures in a time capsule and, then, looked at them a couple of centuries from now, people would be shocked. They'd wonder, 'What the hell was going on back then?' They'd see weird guys who crash cars for a living. Truck stops run by wild women who drive hijacked rigs. Young people terrorizing their teachers. Kids robbing banks.

"At face value, these movies look really wild but, most times, they're making a statement as well."

The anarchist *Class of 1984* came into being after Lester paid a visit to his old high school and found that students had gotten more than a bit rowdy since his own campus days. He did some research on teen violence and, presto!, punk killers invaded celluloid school life.

"I interviewed juvenile authorities about the problem of teenaged violence. Some of those interviews wound up being dialogue in the movie. Man, they told me stories that were so deranged, I couldn't put them in the movie. It would have repulsed the audiences even more than they were.

"It was a strange movie to film. I'm a liberal humanist. So is Perry King, who plays the teacher. At one point he said, 'I can't do this! How can I kill my own students?' I called him aside and said, 'Perry, try to remember how you boiled that slave alive in *Mandingo*?' He said, 'Oh yeah. I forgot about that. Okay. No problem.'

"Vincent Van Patten loved playing a villain. Everyone got off making the movie. In fact, one actor got off so much he became a real-life punker while we were shooting. He started off as this conservative actor and wound up smearing sheep's blood all over his hotel room, beating up a prostitute, and causing something like $20,000 damage in the hotel."

The independently-made film proved too violent for most studios to consider for distribution, so Lester made a deal with a small company and the movie proved a runaway hit. "Critics noticed that, while we were obviously doing a real lively movie, we were also commenting on the school system. The picture worked. By the end of the film, the kids in the audiences were rooting for the teacher."

With subversive editorializing such a key factor in his work, it should come as no surprise that Lester's *Firestarter* is *not* just another horror movie.

"I tried to make the movie work on a lot of different levels," he says. "What attracted me to the project in the first place was the fact that the book was more than a typical Stephen King novel. It works as a horror tale, as a supernatural adventure. But it's also about the government suppressing the rights of individuals in order to build more weapons.

"In this case, they want to capture this little girl because she has the power to start fires. They want to use her as a weapon against the Russians.

"When Stephen King saw the movie he said, 'Wow! This is a metaphor for the arms race!' I was very happy because that's how I had been describing it all along."

When filming *Firestarter* in North Carolina, Lester found himself with a unique problem. The film's pyrotechnic effects (all done "live" before the camera on the set) didn't faze him. The challenge was making the movie work as a human drama.

"I knew I'd be in trouble if I didn't stress the

relationship between the father, David Keith, and his daughter, Drew Barrymore. The movie centers around their love for one another, and if the audience didn't care about them, all the flame effects in the world wouldn't save it.

"I played the whole movie as if it was a chain of events that could *really* happen. When you watch it, you should be seeing a whole bunch of ordinary people getting caught up in extraordinary circumstances. Your reaction should be something like, 'Wow. I hope that never happens to *me*!'"

In line with Lester's naturalistic approach to the supernatural, the director had to come up with a normal way to show Drew Barrymore's paranormal powers. "She starts fires just by looking at an object," he says, "And David Keith has the power to mentally dominate you.

"We had to find a dramatic way to show those powers without resorting to opticals. We had to really work with our actors to convey this. Initially, we went through all the obvious choices and passed over them. You know, should her eyes turn red? Should she shoot out laser beams?

"Their power comes from within, though, so we didn't want to make the usage look out-of-the-ordinary. I thought an audience would laugh if Drew's eyes glowed. So, what we wound up doing was having Drew hyperventilate as she starts a fire. She almost goes into a seizure. David's nose bleeds when he uses his power because he suffers pinprick hemmorhages in his brain when he resorts to it."

Now that he's finished working with his first superstar cast ("It was a real treat.") and his first superstar executive producer, Dino De Laurentiis ("He was great to work with. He's totally energetic and knows *every* technical detail needed to make a movie."), Lester is mulling over his next project.

"I'd like to do a movie that's a real change of pace," he says, citing the recent success of flicks like *The Big Chill* and *Terms of Endearment*, "a slice-of-life thing, contemporary."

Whatever his next film turns out to be, he wants to get to it soon. "I want to be known as someone who makes movies all the time," he explains. "The directors I admire —John Ford, Howard Hawks, and Alfred Hitchcock—made hundreds of movies. Ford made twenty-five movies before he made *Stagecoach*. Hitchcock did eighteen before *The 39 Steps*. Hawks made dozens before *Only Angels Have Wings*. I've always figured that I'd make great movies someday if I just keep on making them. Each one will get better. I think directors who try that are the ones who wind up staying in the business a long time."

There is nothing pretentious about Lester's approach. To stress the fact he adds, "No matter what the subject matter, I'd like to be recognized as a director who never bores his audience. A lot of today's movies fail to excite me. Either I have the attention span of a three-year-old or these movies are *boring*. In my movies, I try to have a lot of short scenes one after another to keep the level of excitement high. I try to keep things moving."

He nods towards the open *Time* magazine to back him up. "There's no law that says you can't think and have fun at the same time."

—Ed Naha

Arnold Schwarzenegger stuffs his codpiece in preparation for *Conan: King of Thieves*.

Photo © 1984 Universal City Studios, Inc.

Fashioning a life-sized robot suit for *Ice Pirates*.

Photo © 1984 MGM/UA Entertainment Co.

THE METAL PROJECTOR

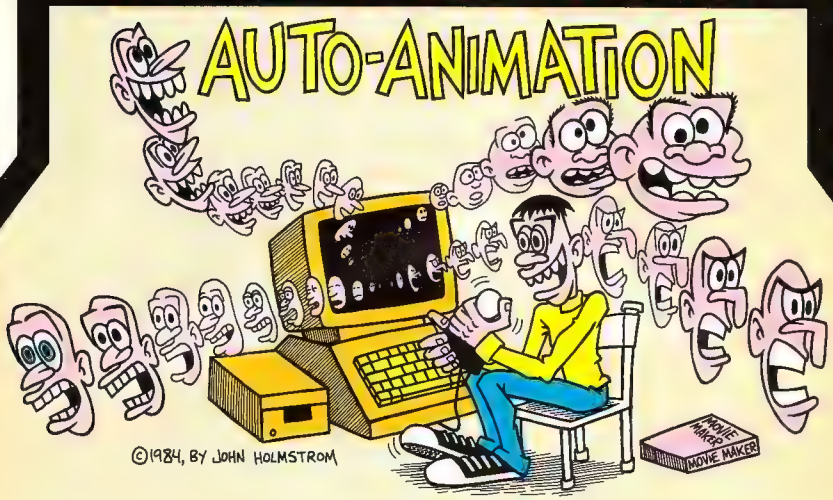
Director **David Lynch**, currently putting final touches on this December's ***Dune***, will indeed write the scripts for ***Dune II*** and ***III***, to be shot simultaneously in 1985-6. But not before he directs ***Ronnie Rocket***, a light sf tale he's written about an Earth private eye on the trail of a spacey rock'n' roll star who, in reality hails from outer space. Shades of Ziggy Stardust! **Carlo Rambaldi**, E.T.'s creator, brings Ronnie to "life" . . . One of the surest kicks in this summer's ***Conan: King of Thieves*** will be **Grace Jones**, who, as Conan's cat-like warrior ally Zula, plays her part with 100% snarl. In other casting coups, **Wilt Chamberlain** plays the appropriately named warrior Bombatta, and **Sarah Douglas** (*Superman II*) contributes her sinister-but-sexy bit. Following *Conan II*, star **Arnold Schwarzenegger** will jump right into ***Terminator***, playing a no-good alien mercenary . . . **Roger Corman** wants to see *Spider-man* crawl across the big screen . . . Watch out for ***Chud***, starring **John Heard** (*Cat People*), and **Daniel Stern** (*Blue Thunder*). Filmed in New York, *Chud* is about a bunch of nuked-out mutant bag people who live in the city's sewers. This is science fiction? Sounds like another day on the subway . . . **John Boorman** (*Excalibur*) will direct ***The Emerald Forest***, about a father's search for his lost son in the Amazon . . . **Michael Pare** (*Eddie and the Cruisers* and the upcoming *Streets of Fire*) and **Bobby DeCicco** (*1941*) are WWII sailors who dock in 1984 as a result of ***The Philadelphia Experiment*** gone awry. Hair-raising adventures and special effects are promised, with **John Carpenter** producing executively. Speaking of Carpenter, he returns to directing with ***Star Man***, a comedy about an alien (*Footloose*'s **Kevin Bacon**) who falls in love with an Earthling . . . Fairuza Balk, a nine-year-old Vancouver schoolgirl, has been picked to play Dorothy in the upcoming Walt Disney/Gary Kurtz co-production ***Return to Oz*** (a.k.a. *Oz*) The movie is currently being shot in England for 1985 release . . . **Tobe Hooper** (*Poltergeist* and Billy Idol's "Dancin' with Myself" video) is in England preparing ***The Space Vampires*** based on the **Colin Wilson** book. Hooper might want to save his butcher's apron: a ***Texas Chainsaw Massacre*** sequel is pending . . . Hard to imagine ***Mad Max III*** (that's ***Road Warrior II*** to us Yanks) without **Mel Gibson**, but we'll have to bear it if Hollywood's hot new leading man can't find the time. You'll see Gibson this year in the ***Mutiny on the Bounty*** remake, ***The River*** with **Sissy Spacek** (a *Cross-Creek*-y story about some pitiful Tennessee farmers vs. The Establishment), and ***Mrs. Soffel***, in which he drives **Diane Keaton** to cheat on her husband . . . The whole galaxy's out of ice. The wicked Templar Empire, the OPEC of H_2O, is shipping tons of it in giant Frigidaires to its colonies in ***The Ice Pirates***. It's up to **Robert Urich** (*Endangered Species*) to plunder the space-born ice buckets and irrigate the solar system, amid enough robots and assorted creatures to start an interstellar talent agency. Also starring are **Mary Crosby** ("Dallas") and **Anjelica Huston** (Jack Nicholson's girlfriend). What some people won't do for a drink . . . On location in England is Monty Pythoneer **Terry Gilliam** (*Time Bandits*) directing **Robert De Niro** in ***Brazil***. Gilliam says the project's 1984 setting is purely coincidental, but it *is* about Big Brother . . . Super special effects and top secrecy surround this summer's ***The Last Starfighter***, about your basic teenaged video game freak who's snatched into outer space to save the universe. Starring **Lance Guest** (the *Halloween* killer) it's directed by **Nick Castle**, John Carpenter's co-writer . . . In ***Iceman***, Dr. Stanley Shepard (**Timothy Hutton**) befriends a 40,000-year-old missing link found preserved in a frozen Arctic tundra. Dr Diane Brady (Hutton's *Daniel* co-star **Lindsay Crouse**) thinks this might be that big career break.

—Ed Naha
and Steven Maloff

JOHN HOLMSTROM'S

HI-TECH LOWDOWN

AUTO-ANIMATION



People are always asking me stupid questions like, "Why don't you animate your cartoons?" I point out that doing it professionally costs about $12,000 a minute. Doing it myself would mean slaving over a drawing board, pencilling ten or twenty drawings for every second of film. And inking them on that crappy acetate. And, buying/renting a camera, some lighting equipment, and an animation stand—then shooting the whole damn thing. And then, *if* the film comes out, *maybe* I'll like the results. To top it off, I probably wouldn't make any money from this adventure. So. I'm out a couple of grand, a few months' hard labor, and what's left of my sanity—with only a lousy piece of celluloid to show for it.

All that's changed now, thanks to an amazing new computer software product called **Movie Maker**—an animation program from **Interactive Picture Systems** that enables you to make your own animated cartoons, complete with titles, color, text, and sound. All you need is a TV set, a microcomputer (a Commodore 64 costs less than $150), a disk drive ($200-$300), a joystick ($10-$100), and four blank disks ($5 a piece). The Movie Maker is another $65, and is available for the Apple, Atari, and Commodore 64.

It takes a few hours of making mistakes, cursing at the TV screen, and rereading the eighty-eight page instruction booklet to figure everything out. Once you do that though, Movie Maker is fast, easy, and fun.

To make an animated figure, all you have to do is draw a shape on the TV set with the keyboard or a joystick. Then, you can copy it, and redraw the part you want to move. Keep doing this until you have a complete sequence, record it, smooth out the action, and play it back as many times as you like. You get 300 frames in one animation, but you can loop animations together ad infinitum. (The only drawback is that there's a slight pause in the action after each sequence.)

You can do a lot with Movie Maker. You can layer several tracks of sound on a sequence or single frame. You can freeze any one of the six shapes you're animating, or zoom in on one. You can expand them, change actors, sequences, and backgrounds at anytime. Or change the colors.

Not that the Movie Maker is the greatest thing since color TV. For instance, only four colors can be used on the shapes and backgrounds at the same time. (You can get different effects by mixing the four colors that are available, and there are plenty of different ones to choose from.) A lot of artpurists might be disturbed by the computer graphics, but you can do a lot with them if you've got half a brain.

There are more animation programs coming out, too. The **Graphics Magician**, by **Penguin Software**, is a lot like Movie Maker, but is easier to use. **Animation Station**, from **Suncom**, is a new graphics tablet and program, for Apple computers. It features a drawing pad that's a lot like the Koalapad, so you can draw characters with a pen instead of a joystick. You can then stretch it, add to it, copy it, or do about anything to it. Look for it in a few months.

Movie Maker is the only program of the bunch that gives you sound *and* pictures. In fact, it's so comprehensive that members of the Motion Picture Screen Cartoonists Union, Local 841, are using it to prepare cartoonists for future jobs in computer animation. It's the best reason yet to buy your own computer—to make your own cartoons, and not have to get up early on Saturdays anymore.

—John Holmstrom

(For more information: Interactive Picture Systems, Inc., 270 Park Avenue South, #6A, NY, NY 10010. (212) 475-7053. Penguin Software, 830 Fourth Avenue, Geneva IL 60134. (312) 232-1984. Suncom, Inc., 650 Anthony Trail, Suite E, Northbrook, IL 60062 (312) 291-9780.)

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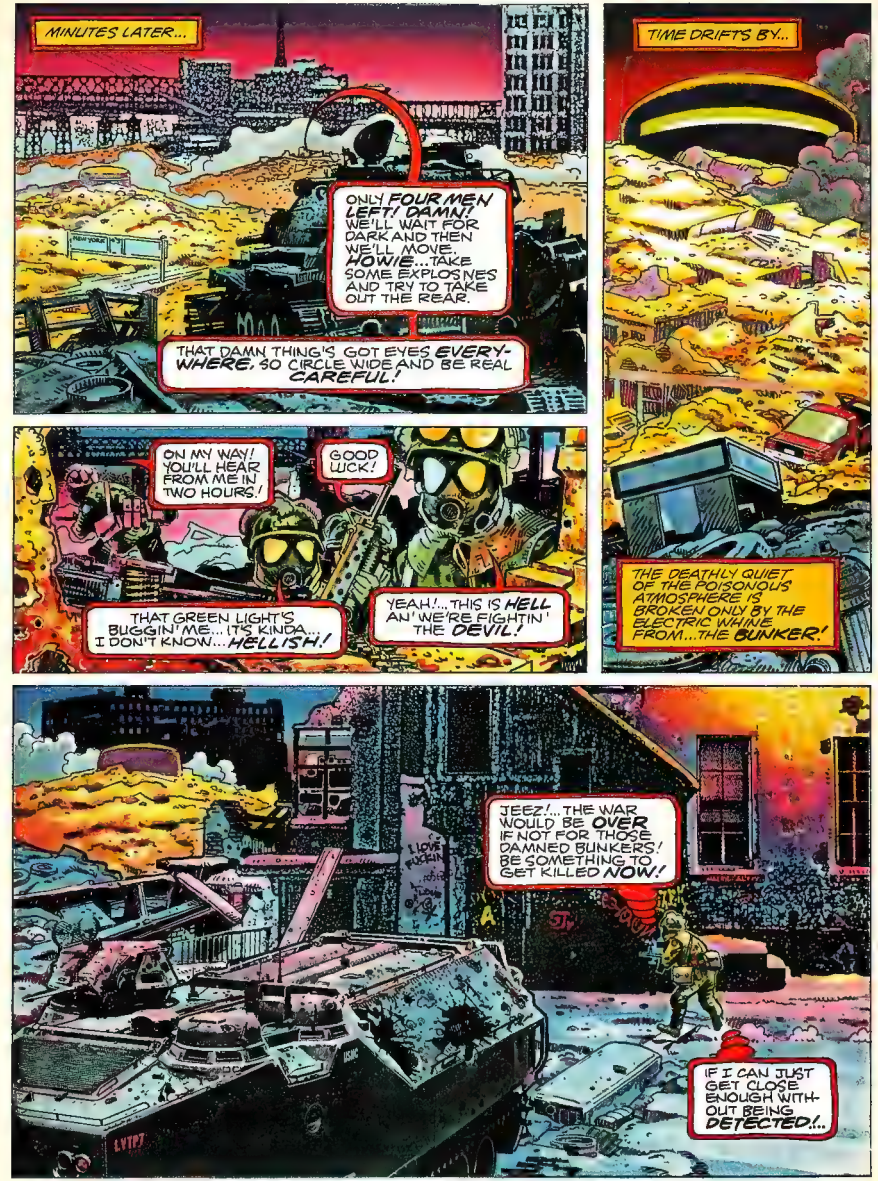
BUNKER 6A

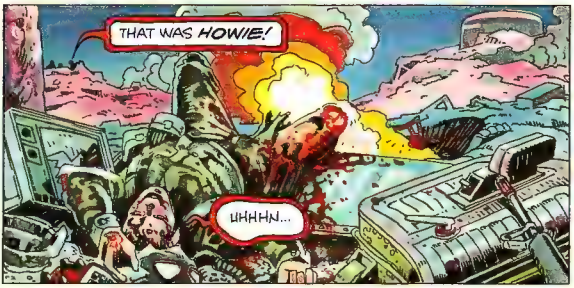
SECTOR C-12 AFTER A LAST-DITCH OFFENSIVE... DEADLY GAS TAINTS THE AIR. THERE IS NOTHING... EXCEPT THE RUBBLE, THE DEAD, AND...THE BUNKER.
AFTER TWO COMPANIES HAD BEEN HALTED IN THEIR TRACKS, A SPECIAL FORCE OF ARMY ENGINEERS WAS DISPATCHED TO THE SECTOR.
OKAY, GUYS... EVERY-THING SET?
COVER FIRE READY, SIR!
YES, SIR!
LET'S GO!
KILL FAGGOTS
WHIRLPOOL
KRACK!
FLUMP!

SMOKE-SCREEN'S UP! LET'S MOVE.
MO-
WAMP!
IT'S NOT WORKING! GET BACK!
TUMP!
AW, SHIT! THEY CAN SEE THROUGH IT! WE'RE DEAD MEAT!
GET BACK! GET-
CHRIST! WHAT ARE WE UP AGAINST? WE'RE BEING WIPED OUT!


MINUTES LATER...
ONLY FOUR MEN LEFT! DAMN! WE'LL WAIT FOR DARK AND THEN WE'LL MOVE HOWIE...TAKE SOME EXPLOSIVES AND TRY TO TAKE OUT THE REAR.
THAT DAMN THING'S GOT EYES EVERYWHERE, SO CIRCLE WIDE AND BE REAL CAREFUL!
TIME DRIFTS BY...
THE DEATHLY QUIET OF THE POISONOUS ATMOSPHERE IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE ELECTRIC WHINE FROM...THE BUNKER!
ON MY WAY! YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME IN TWO HOURS!
GOOD LUCK!
THAT GREEN LIGHT'S BUGGIN' ME... IT'S KINDA... I DON'T KNOW...HELLISH!
YEAH!...THIS IS HELL AN' WE'RE FIGHTIN' THE DEVIL!
JEEZ!...THE WAR WOULD BE OVER IF NOT FOR THOSE DAMNED BUNKERS! BE SOMETHING TO GET KILLED NOW!
IF I CAN JUST GET CLOSE ENOUGH WITHOUT BEING DETECTED!...

M3
TOOT!
M2
CONTACT

NAAARGHHH!
KRAC!

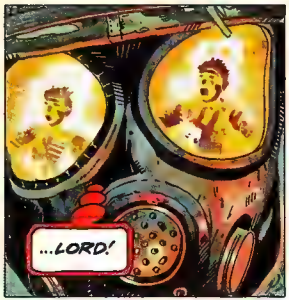

THAT WAS HOWIE!
UHHHN...

CORPORAL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET BACK!
NO! I HAVE TO HELP HIM!
HOWIE!

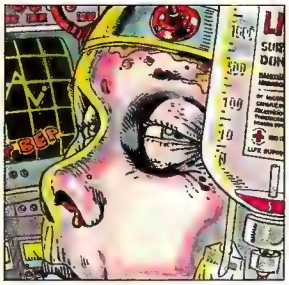
07.01.02
330

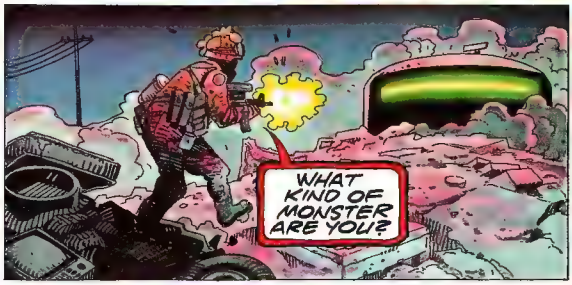
TIUU!!

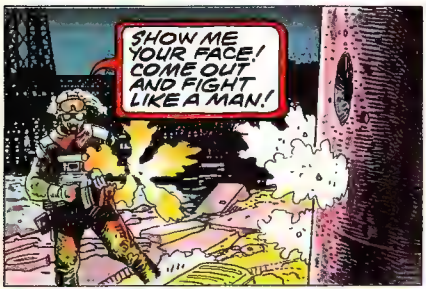
FOUMM!
GOOD...


...LORD!

BRAT TAT T-TAT
NO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!



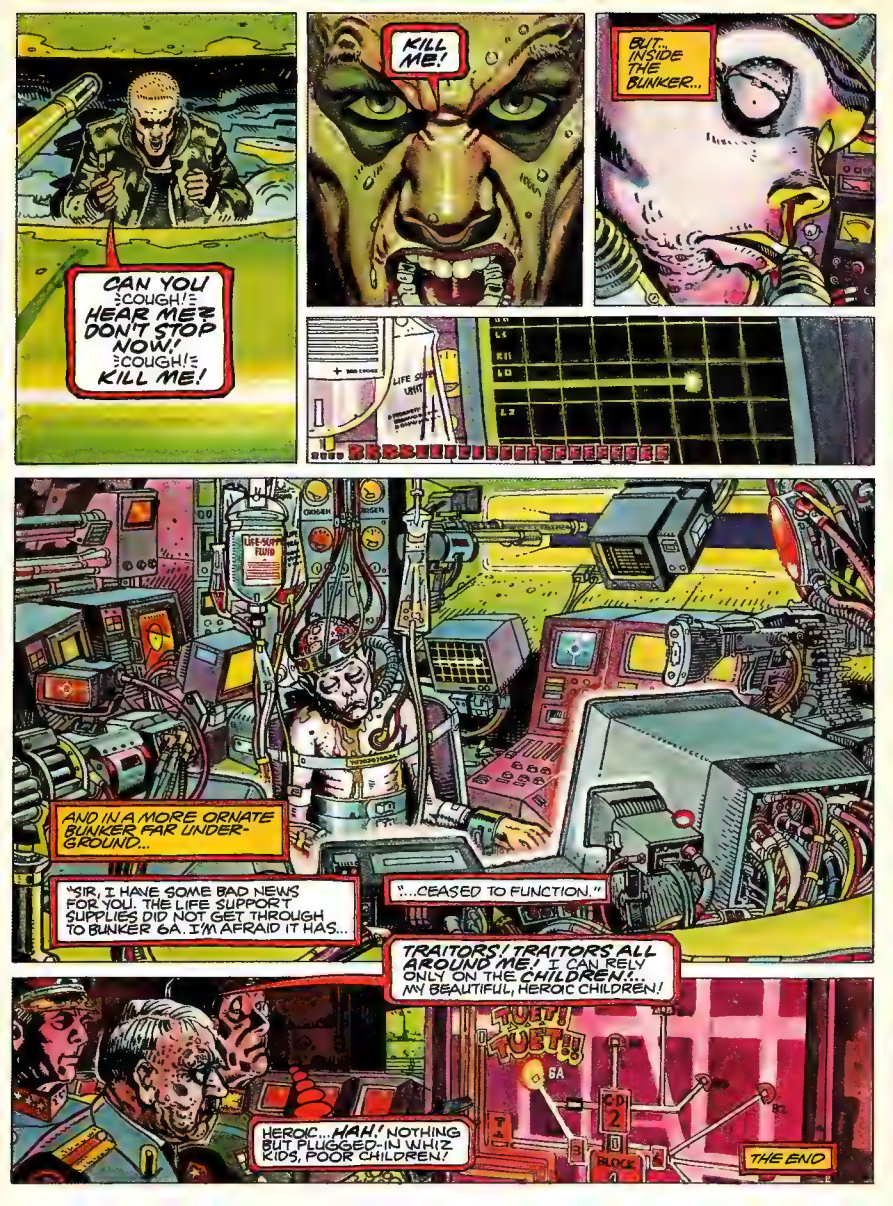

WHAT KIND OF MONSTER ARE YOU?

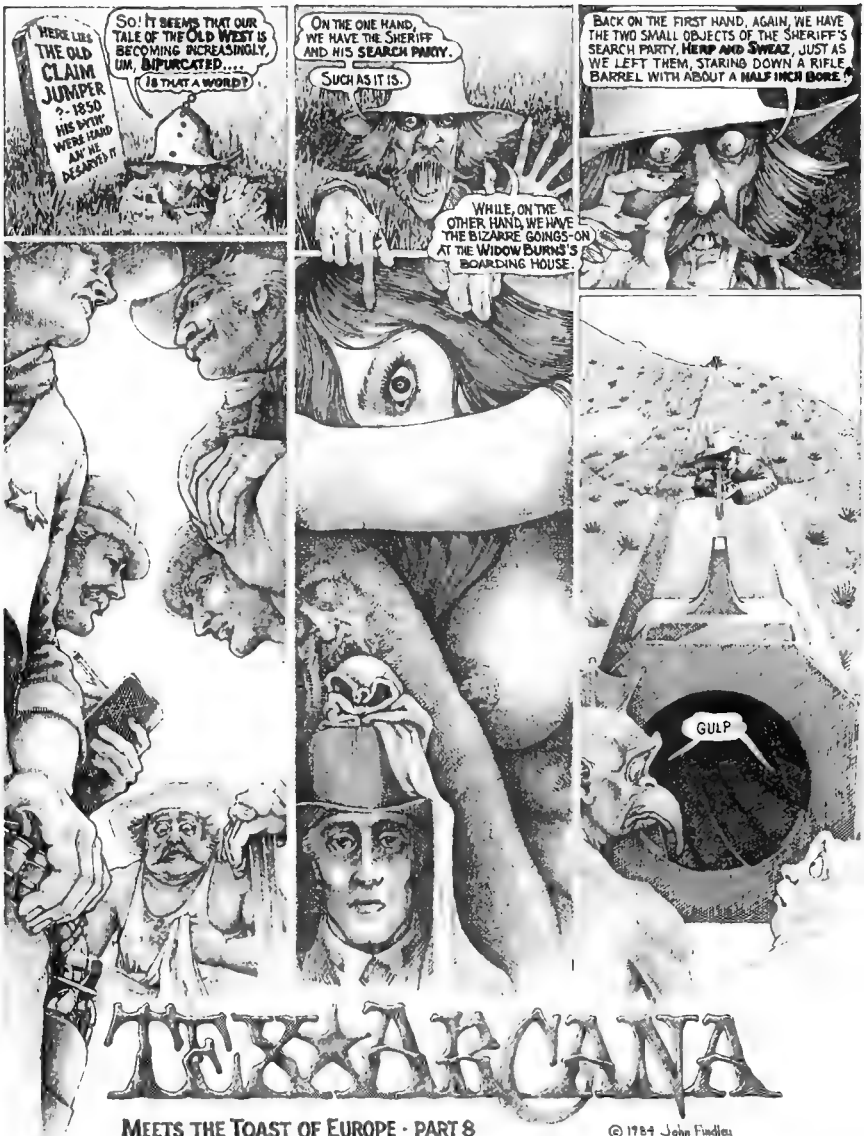

SHOW ME YOUR FACE! COME OUT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!

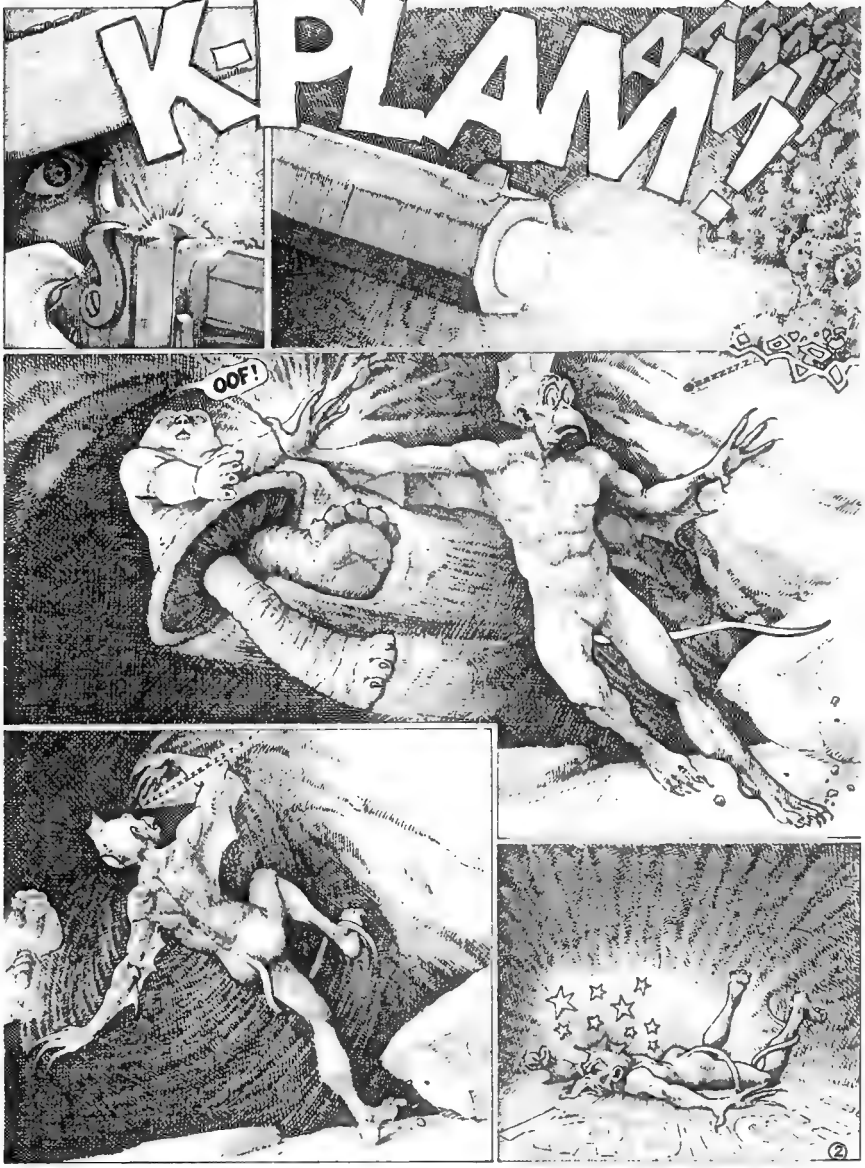
COME ON! GASP! WHAT ARE YOU COUGH! WAITING FOR?
FOV-5
EXECUTE

GO AHEAD! COUGHCOUGH! SHOOT ME!

CLICK!
DAMN! THIS IS IT!


CAN YOU :COUGH!: HEAR ME? DON'T STOP NOW! :COUGH!: KILL ME!
KILL ME!
BUT... INSIDE THE BUNKER...
LIFE SUPPORT UNIT
AND IN A MORE ORNATE BUNKER FAR UNDER-GROUND...
"SIR, I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU. THE LIFE SUPPORT SUPPLIES DID NOT GET THROUGH TO BUNKER 6A. I'M AFRAID IT HAS...
"...CEASED TO FUNCTION."
TRAITORS! TRAITORS ALL AROUND ME! I CAN RELY ONLY ON THE CHILDREN!... MY BEAUTIFUL, HEROIC CHILDREN!
TUET! TUET!!
6A
BLOCK
HEROIC... HAH! NOTHING BUT PLUGGED-IN WHIZ KIDS, POOR CHILDREN!
THE END


HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER ?-1850 HIS PAYIN' WERE HARD AIN' HE DESERVED IT
So! IT SEEMS THAT OUR TALE OF THE OLD WEST IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY, UM, BIFURCATED....
IS THAT A WORD?
ON THE ONE HAND, WE HAVE THE SHERIFF AND HIS SEARCH PARTY.
SUCH AS IT IS.
WHILE, ON THE OTHER HAND, WE HAVE THE BIZARRE GOINGS-ON AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S BOARDING HOUSE.
BACK ON THE FIRST HAND, AGAIN, WE HAVE THE TWO SMALL OBJECTS OF THE SHERIFF'S SEARCH PARTY, HERP AND SWEAZ, JUST AS WE LEFT THEM, STARING DOWN A RIFLE BARREL WITH ABOUT A HALF INCH BORE!
GULP
TEXARCANA
MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE · PART 8
© 1984 John Findley


K-PLAM!!
OOF!
2

UHHH! TELLIN' YA WHAT, HERP, THIS OLD WEST IS A HELLUVA ROUGH PLACE!
I'M BEGINNIN' T'GIT, LIKE, PISSED, YA KNOW?
I BETCHA THAT CHICKENSHIT MUTHER'S UP THERE DRAWIN' A BEAD ON US.... I THINK I SEE HIM!
YEAHHH...
TAPWANGGG!!

I THINK I GOT HIM!
YOU DO ALL RIGHT FOR AN OLD GUY.
YEAH. WELL... IT PAYS TO, LIKE, STAY IN SHAPE.
HAH!
AH*⊘☆...
◎★!*4QU
SHIT!!
CLIPPETY CLIPPETY CLIPPETY!
4

I LOST HIM, SWEAZ.
WELL... AS LONG AS YOU GOT RID OF HIM....
I BEEN THINKIN', HERP. YA KNOW, IT'S WHAT? THREE, FOUR DAYS SINCE WE BUSTED OUTA JAIL AN', LIKE YOU SAID, WE AIN'T ANY CLOSER T' FINDIN' TH' MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN WHITE THAN WE WERE THEN.
YEAH. AN' PLUS, WE LOST TH' HENBOY'S HORSE.
AND WE'RE SADDLED WITH THIS THING AN' IT'S GETTIN' NASTIER BY TH' MINUTE!
LISTEN, SWEAZ, WHAT SAY WE JUST KINDA PILE UP A BUNCHA ROCKS ON THIS GUY, STICK THIS WHATEVER-IT-SAYS ON TOP, AN', LIKE, SPLIT...
OKAY?
GOOD IDEA! THEN, WHEN WE CAN, WE'LL GET WORD T' TH' SHERIFF.
5

OH, YEAH. TH'SHERIFF....
IT'S LIKE THIS, MARIA...
I'M TRYIN' T' GIT UP A SEARCH PARTY T'GO LOOKIN' FER THEM TWO WEIRD LI'L LOST VARMINTS, AN' I'M FINDIN' IT T'BE PLUMB DIFFICULT. SO I FIGGERED I'D SEE IF ANYBODY HERE WOULD... SAY WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
WALE, HALE'S BALES, SHER'FF! EESS LACK DEESS EV'RY MORNEEN', YOU KNOW? MOS' FOKES, DEY STEEL EEN DE SACK...
...EEF YOU GEET MA MEANIN'.
GERHARDT! DREENKS FER DEES BOYS.
JAWOHL!
UH, THANKS, NO. WE'LL JUS' HAVE SOME COFFEE, IF YA DON'T MIND.
WHOTAYVER.
WE SURE COULD USE SOME HELP LOOKIN' FER THEM LI'L GUYS...
YOU AIN' LACKLY T' FAND ANY AROUN' HERE 'TIL LETTER.
& WHINE YOU TRY DOWN AT DE WEEDO BURNSES PLESS? DEY GEET OPE EARLY.
6

HMMM....
UH, SHERIFF... I DON'T THINK WE WANTA BE GOIN' DOWN T'TH' WIDDA BURNSES.
TED'S RIGHT, SHERIFF REMEMBER... YOU-KNOW-WHO LIVES THERE.
¿WHA'S GOIN' ON, SHERIFF?
¿YOU HERE T'ARRES' SOMEBODY?
JOAQUIN! COME BACK
AH, SEEMMER DOWN, JOAQUIN. DE SHER'FF EES HUST RUSTLIN' OPE VOLUNTEERS FER HEES SEARCH PARTY.
I SEE WHY VERONICA WON'T LET GO O'YA... YOU AIN'T SHOT OFF NONE O' VER AMMO, YET.
COULD BE I GEEV YOU ONE, GRINGO... IN DE SPINE.
HEY... ¿WHO'S DAT GUY WRATEEN' THEENS FEN A BOOK...? ¿DON' I KNOW HEEM FROM SOMEWHERE?
HE'S TH' NEW NEWSPAPER FELLA, DOIN' A STORY ON THE LI'L LOST VARMINTS.
I THEENK I'LL BE A VOLUNTEER.
7

MEANWHILE, DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE, AT THE WIDOW BURNS' BOARDING HOUSE...
WELL, FIDDLESTICKS! JUST WHEN WE COME TO THE PART OF THE STORY THAT WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR ♫ (THE MUSICAL PART) ♫ WE RUN PLUMB OUT OF TIME!
TO BE CONTINUED

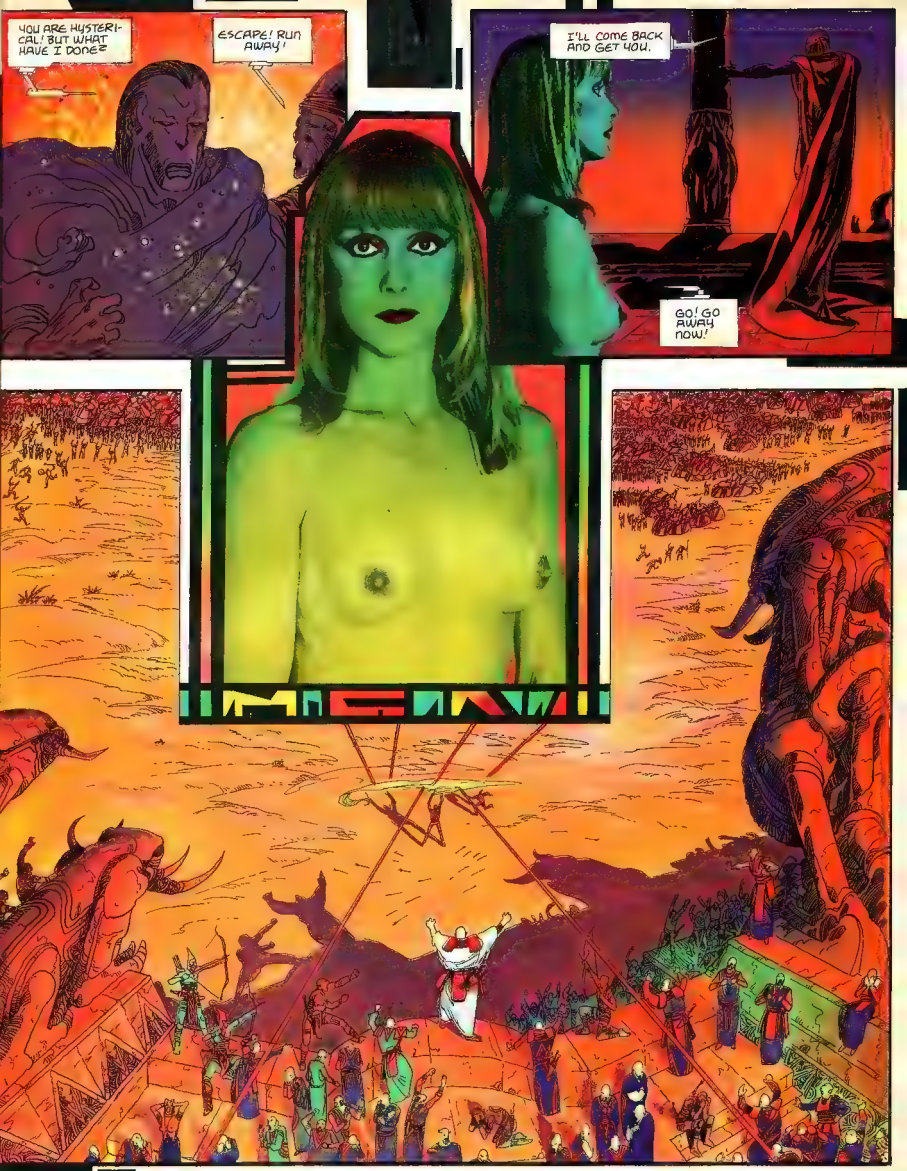
I'M AGE
LIGHT GETS FROM POINT TO POINT PRETTY FAST.
THE SPEED OF LIGHT IS ALWAYS MEASURED IN A VACUUM.
THAT'S BECAUSE IT GOES FASTEST IN A VACUUM.
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I SEEM TO GET NOWHERE FAST...
... BECAUSE SOMETIMES I TRAVEL IN A VACUUM.
©JEFFREY JONES 1984

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
ADAPTED FROM
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S
SALAMMBO
SALAMMBO II

TAMI'S VEIL!
I HAVE IT!
LET'S GO, MATHO! COME ON!
THE GUARDS OF THE GREAT PASS
WHERE IS SALAMMBO? I WANT TO SEE HER
YOU'RE CRAZY! THIS WILL NOT WORK. YOU WILL DIE IF YOU TRES-PASS.

WELL, WHAT IS IT?

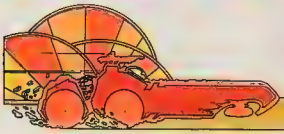
IT'S THE VEIL OF THE GODDESS.
THE VEIL OF THE GODDESS?
I SEARCHED, AND FOUND IT FOR YOU IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SANCTUARY. LOOK, DON'T YOU REMEMBER IT? YOU APPEARED TO ME IN MY DREAMS, BUT I DIDN'T GUESS WHAT TRICKERY MY MIND WAS WORKING. IN OBEYING YOU, I DESCENDED TO THE CAVERN OF HADRUMETE IN THE KINGDOM OF THE SHADOWS. IT WAS LIKE THE MOUNTAINS THAT HAVE WEIGHED ON ME IN THE PAST, AND YET SOMETHING SWEPT ME ALONG. I WOULD HAVE NEVER DARED WITHOUT THE GOD'S BLESSINGS. LET US GO... YOU MUST FOLLOW ME. AND IF YOU'D RATHER NOT, THEN I WILL STAY WITH YOU. IT'S OF NO IMPORTANCE TO ME. I SHALL BE JUST AS HAPPY TO DROWN MY SOUL IN THE PUFFS OF YOUR BREATHING. LET ME CARESS YOU
LET ME SEE. BRING IT CLOSER
I LOVE YOU.
GIVE IT TO ME!
HELP! SACRILEGE! YOU VILE BEING! EVIL- THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY TANIT. HATE! VENGEANCE! MASSACRE! PAIN! LET GURZIL, GOD OF BATTLE, TEAR YOU APART. LET MATISMAN, GOD OF THE DEAD, STRIKE YOU. AND LET THE OTHER ONE, WHOSE NAME I CAN NOT MENTION, BURN YOU IN DAMNATION!



TO BE CONTINUED...

THE RAILWAYS

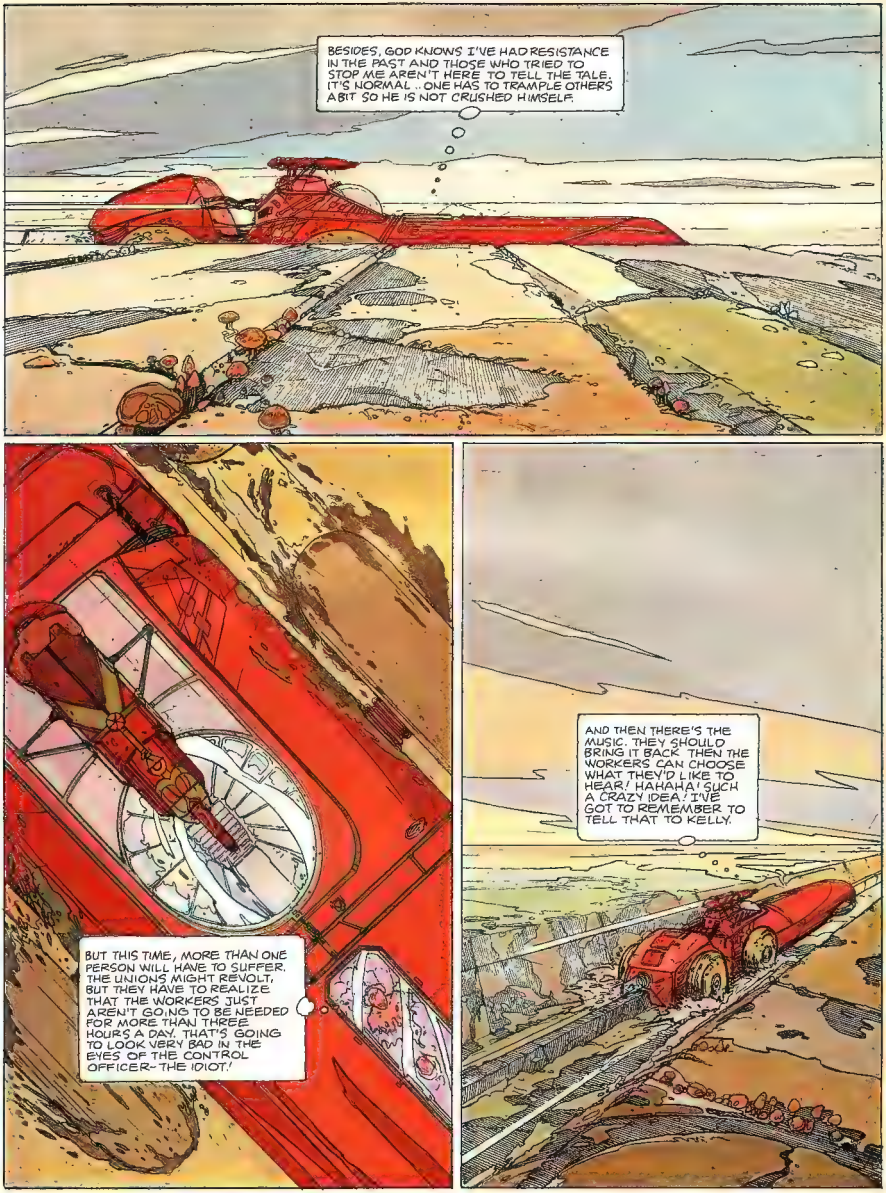
BY FRANÇOIS SCHUITEN AND CLAUDE RENARD



WILLIAM DAVIS

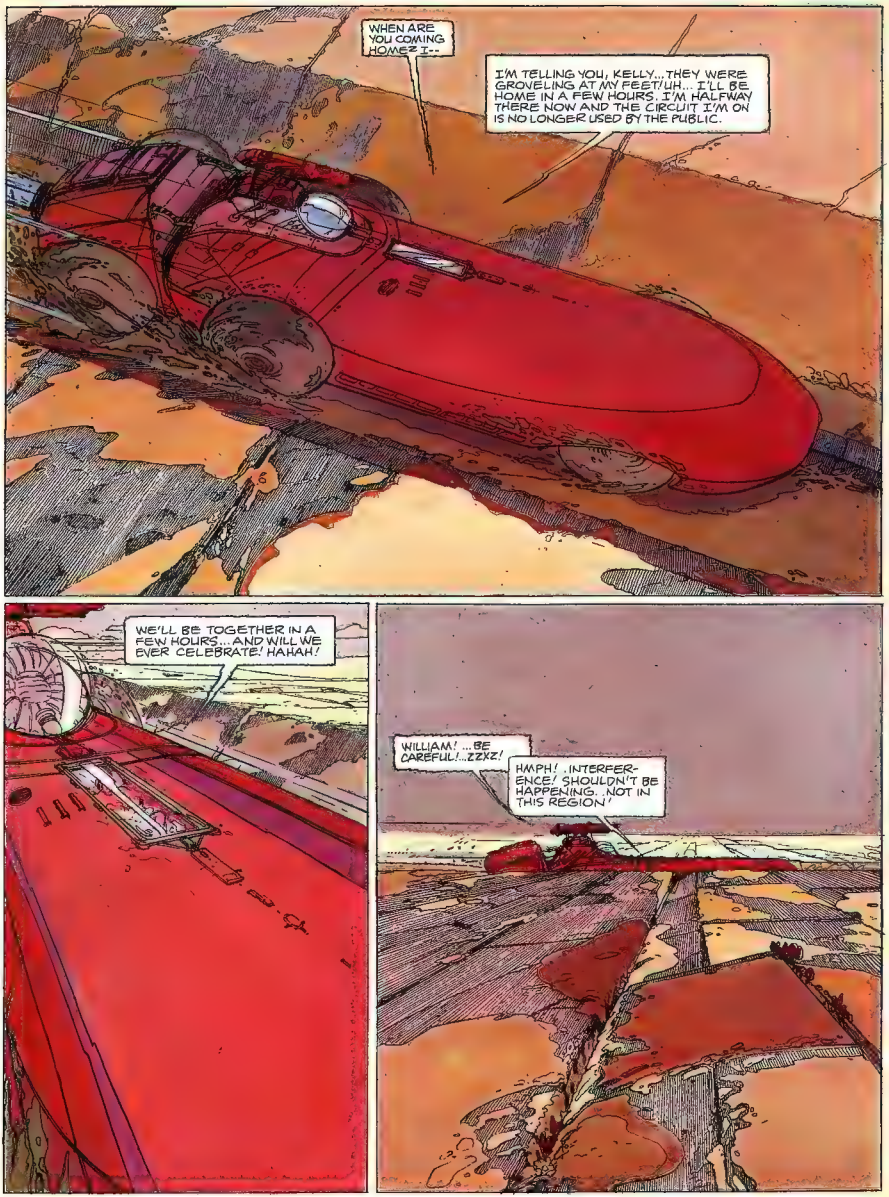
TO FLY ALONG AT MORE THAN 450 KILOMETERS AN HOUR WHILE RELAXING IN A TUB OF BLUE SEAWEED WAS THE GREATEST PLEASURE WILLIAM DAVIS COULD IMAGINE. TO SMOKE A FIRST-CLASS CIGAR WHILE DRINKING A COOL GLASS OF SPARKLING WINE WAS A RARE PLEASURE. WORDS COULD NOT DESCRIBE THE RELAXED FEELINGS OF WILLIAM DAVIS WHEN HE WAS SURROUNDED BY THE DELICATE SOUNDS PIPED IN FROM THE IOPHONE. CLIMATIC VARIATIONS DID NOT EFFECT THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THE COCOON IN WHICH WILLIAM DAVIS BATHED, TOTALLY RELAXED. HE WATCHED THE GRAY AND MOROSE SKY AMARCH BY, CONTRASTING WITH THE BRIGHTLY COLORED INTERIOR OF HIS ENGINE.

I SUPPOSE NOW THEY'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO. I THOUGHT THINGS WERE GOING TO GET A BIT HAIRY THERE FOR A MOMENT, BUT THINGS SEEM TO HAVE SETTLED DOWN AND ARE GOING MY WAY... AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING.

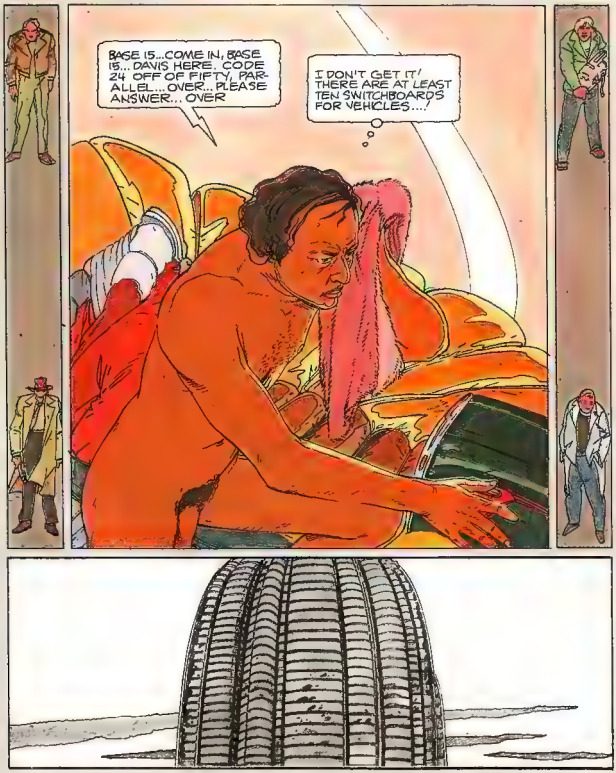

BESIDES, GOD KNOWS I'VE HAD RESISTANCE IN THE PAST AND THOSE WHO TRIED TO STOP ME AREN'T HERE TO TELL THE TALE. IT'S NORMAL... ONE HAS TO TRAMPLE OTHERS A BIT SO HE IS NOT CRUSHED HIMSELF.
BUT THIS TIME, MORE THAN ONE PERSON WILL HAVE TO SUFFER. THE UNIONS MIGHT REVOLT. BUT THEY HAVE TO REALIZE THAT THE WORKERS JUST AREN'T GOING TO BE NEEDED FOR MORE THAN THREE HOURS A DAY. THAT'S GOING TO LOOK VERY BAD IN THE EYES OF THE CONTROL OFFICER- THE IDIOT!
AND THEN THERE'S THE MUSIC. THEY SHOULD BRING IT BACK. THEN THE WORKERS CAN CHOOSE WHAT THEY'D LIKE TO HEAR! HAHAHA! SUCH A CRAZY IDEA! I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER TO TELL THAT TO KELLY.

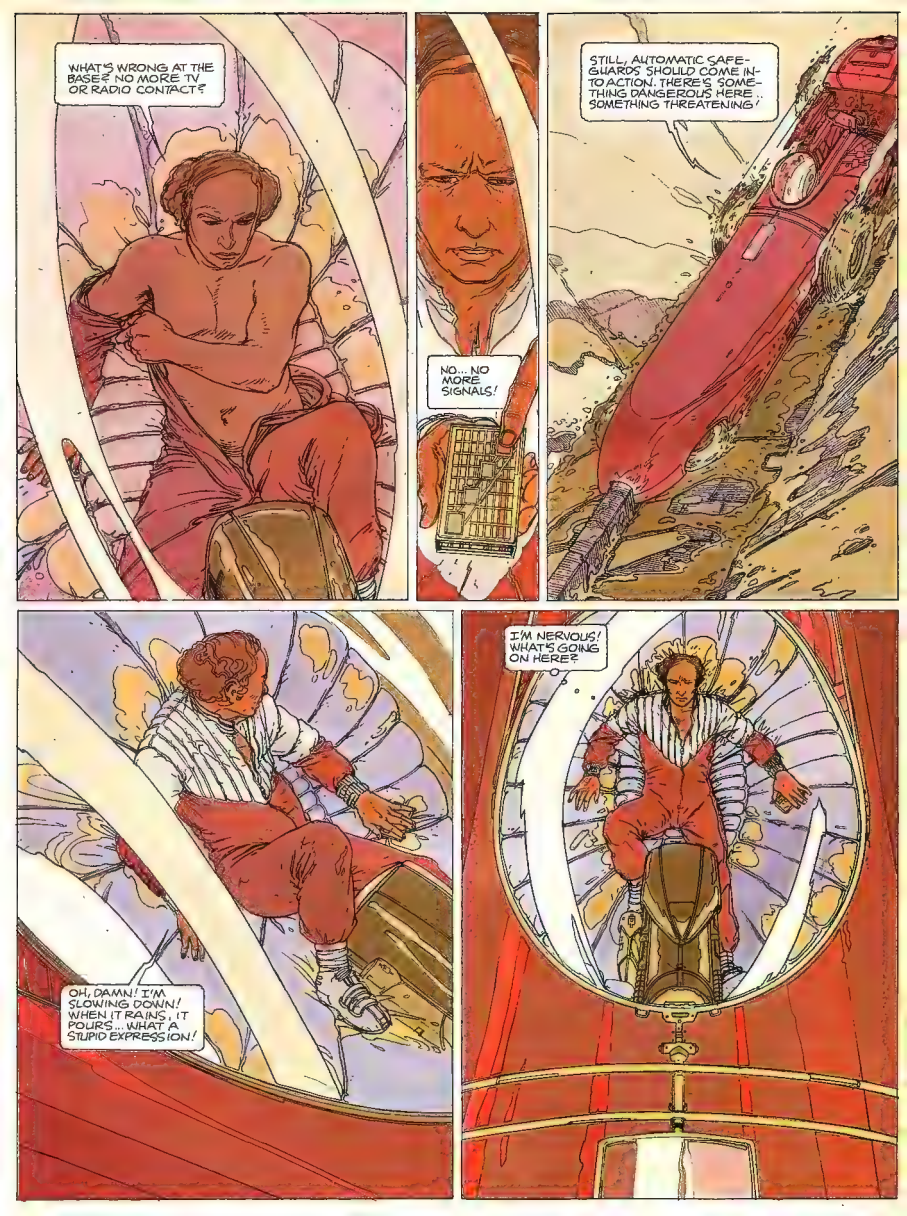
RETURNING FROM A UNION MEETING, WILLIAM DAVIS MOVED QUICKLY THROUGH THE BLEAK COUNTRYSIDE IN ONE OF THE COMPANY'S LIGHTNING-FAST CARS. ONCE TOUTED AS THE MOST BRILLIANT ADVISOR TO ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL UNIONS IN NUCLEUS CITY, HE KNEW HOW TO GET THROUGH THE MAZE THAT WAS THE UNION HIERARCHY... AND HE DIDN'T REFRAIN FROM MAKING USE OF CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS UNDERTAKINGS.

I TELL YOU, KELLY... IT'S UNBELIEVABLE WHAT I FORCE ON THEM. YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU A MAN WHO HAS OBTAINED EVERYTHING. THEY MUST STILL BE EATING MY DUST!
THAT'S VERY GOOD, MY DEAR I AM VERY HAPPY FOR YOU... I REALLY AM.

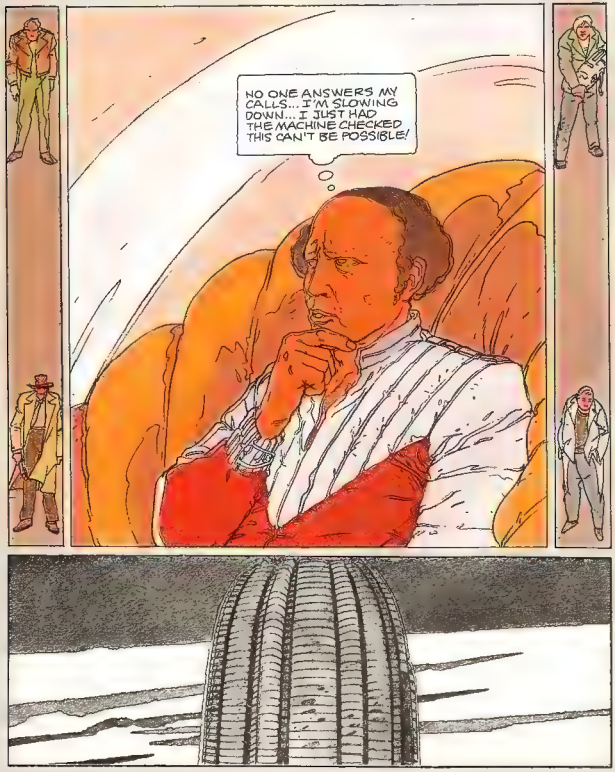

WHEN ARE YOU COMING HOME?...
I'M TELLING YOU, KELLY... THEY WERE GROVELING AT MY FEET! UH... I'LL BE HOME IN A FEW HOURS. I'M HALFWAY THERE NOW AND THE CIRCUIT I'M ON IS NO LONGER USED BY THE PUBLIC.
WE'LL BE TOGETHER IN A FEW HOURS... AND WILL WE EVER CELEBRATE! HAHAH!
WILLIAM! ...BE CAREFUL!...ZZKZ!
HMPH! ...INTERFERENCE! SHOULDN'T BE HAPPENING. NOT IN THIS REGION!

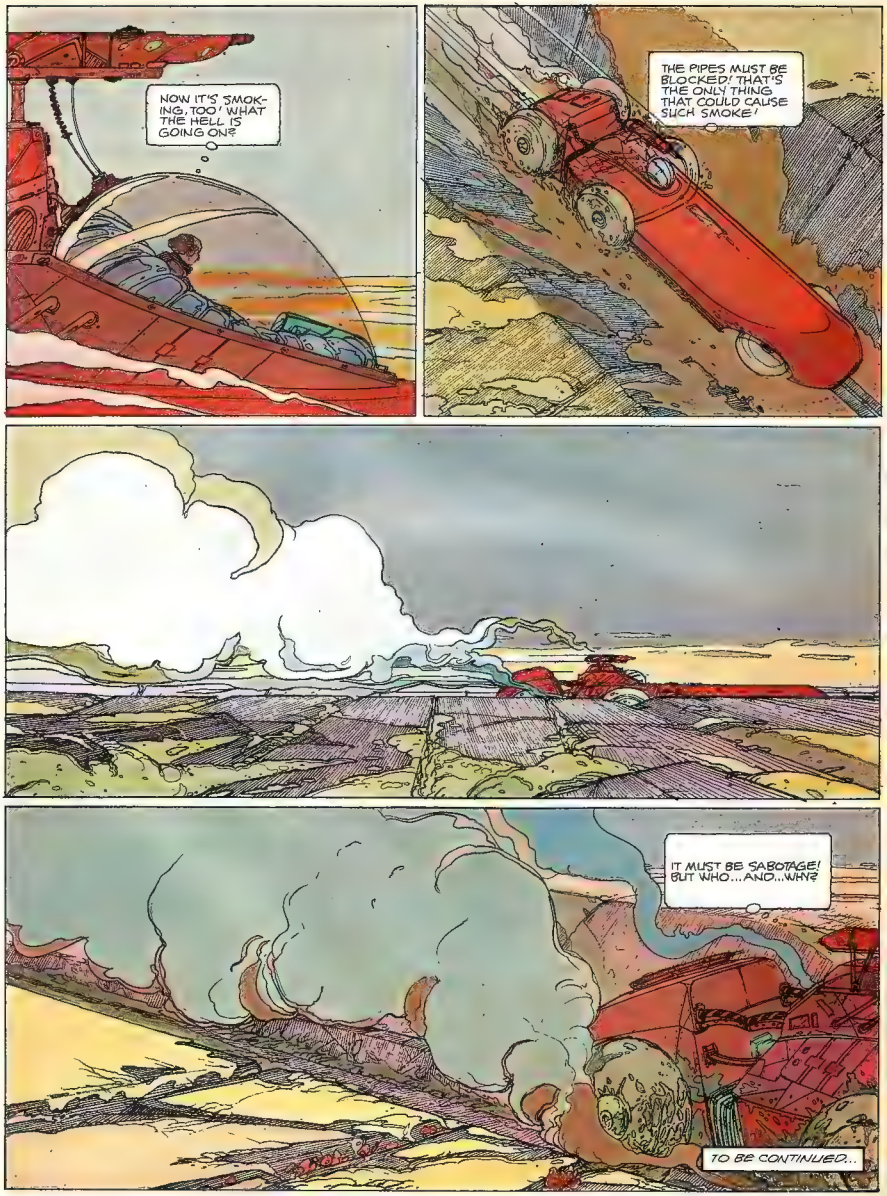
NUCLEUS CITY WAS PRETTY CORRUPT. AS MANY MEN AS MACHINES DEPENDED ON THE AVAILABLE WORK. EVERYTHING CAME FROM "THE CENTER" AND EVERYTHING ALWAYS RETURNED – A "WOBBLY CIRCLE" KELLY LIKED TO CALL IT. NUCLEUS' CITY WAS THE TYPE OF PLACE THAT ALLOWED ITS' UNION MEMBERS TO IMBIBE JUGS OF WINE IN MOMENTS OF STRESS.' WILLIAM DAVIS HAD OBTAINED ONE OF THE LAST CARS MADE. IT WAS AN INFALLABLE ROBOT, BRILLIANTLY PROGRAMMED AND CONSTRUCTED. NO ONE KNEW HOW HE GOT SO LUCKY, BUT IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A LAPSE IN THE ATTITUDE OF THE BUREAUCRACY AT THE TIME.


BASE 15...COME IN, BASE 15... DAVIS HERE. CODE 24 OFF OF FIFTY, PARALLEL... OVER.. PLEASE ANSWER... OVER
I DON'T GET IT! THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN SWITCHBOARDS FOR VEHICLES...!


WHAT'S WRONG AT THE BASE? NO MORE TV OR RADIO CONTACT?
NO... NO MORE SIGNALS!
STILL, AUTOMATIC SAFEGUARDS SHOULD COME INTO ACTION. THERE'S SOMETHING DANGEROUS HERE... SOMETHING THREATENING!
OH, DAMN! I'M SLOWING DOWN! WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS... WHAT A STUPID EXPRESSION!
I'M NERVOUS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT ABNORMAL THINGS HAD HAPPENED. THERE HAD BEEN SEVERAL UNDISCLOSED DISTURBANCES OF POWER DUE TO ENERGY EXPERIMENTS. REPRISALS BY DIFFERENT OPPOSITION GROUPS HAD EVEN TRIGGERED A "WAR IN THE SHADOWS" AGAINST NUCLEUS' CITY'S LEADERS. BUT THIS NEW TROUBLE SEEMED PERSONALLY AIMED AT WILLIAM DAVIS. HE KNEW THAT SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG. WITH THE TV AND RADIO TRANSMITTERS, EVEN THOUGH THERE WERE A GOOD DOZEN BACK-UP UNITS.




NOW IT'S SMOKING, TOO! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
THE PIPES MUST BE BLOCKED! THAT'S THE ONLY THING THAT COULD CAUSE SUCH SMOKE!
IT MUST BE SABOTAGE! BUT WHO... AND... WHY?
TO BE CONTINUED...

HI-TECH SUBLIMINAL EDUCATION WHILE YOU SLEEP...

...AND IT'S JUNE 17 2050. CONTINUING UNREST IN THE MIDDLE EAST HAS MILITARY EXPANSION TO THE OUTER LIMITS LED BY THE UNITED NATIONS WHO BLASTED...

JUNE 2050

RON LINDAHN
VAL LAKEY LINDAHN

THE DAY AFTER-

SO THIS IS WHAT A BRAIN IS FOR!

TOTO, I HAVE THE FEELING WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE!

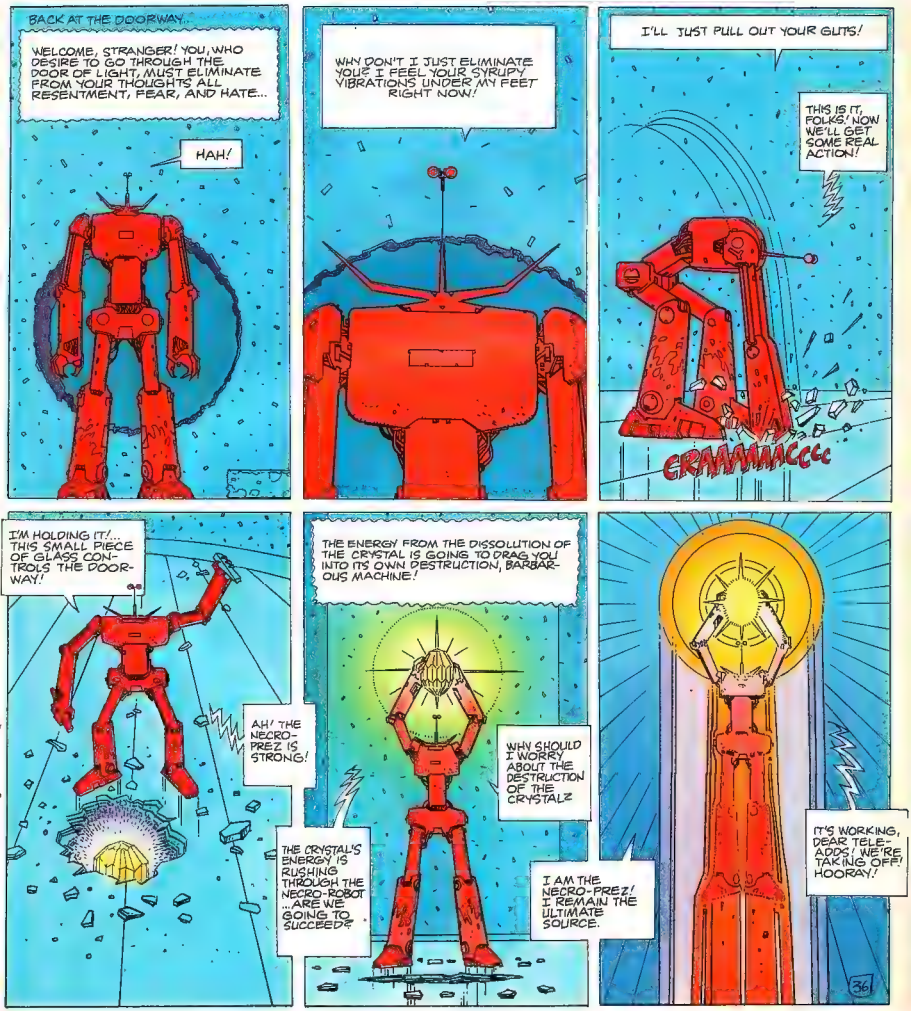
THE THIRD INCAL

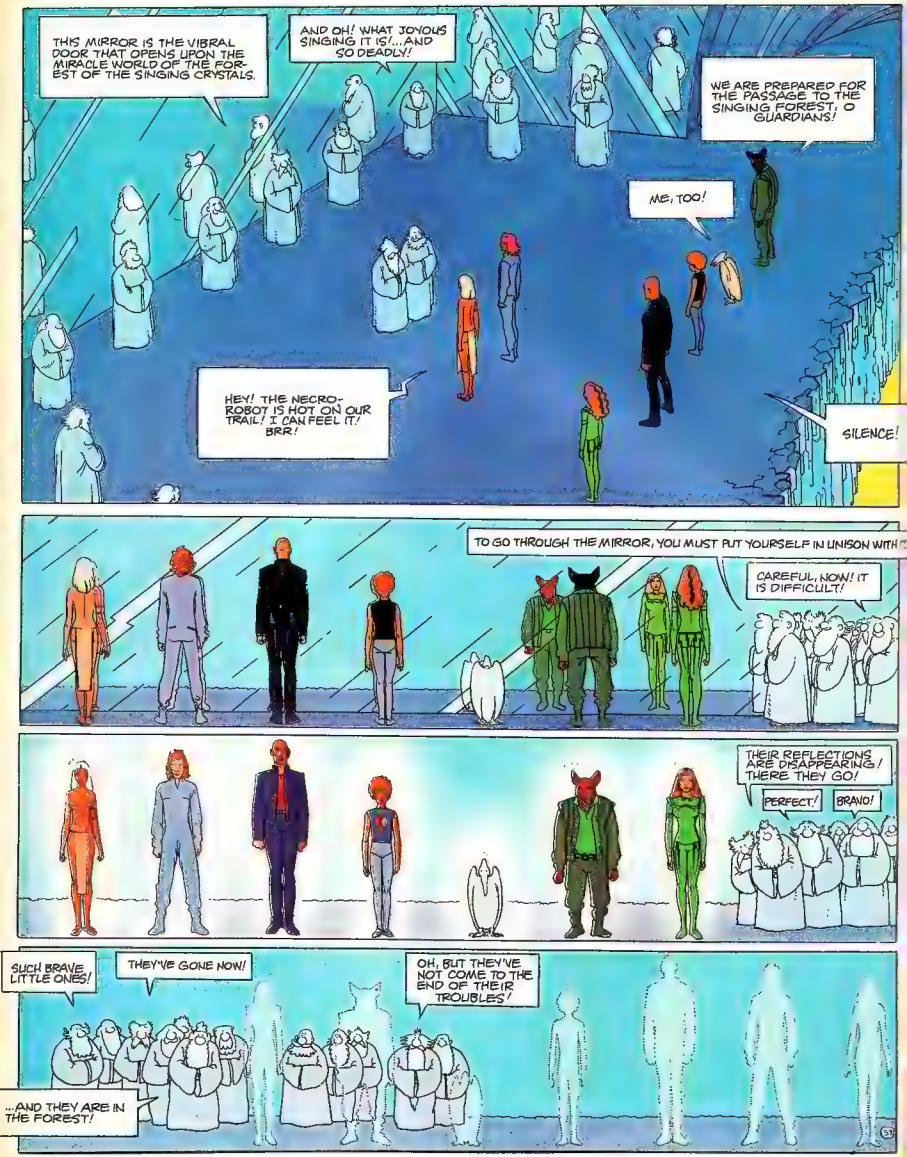
CRYSTAL FOREST

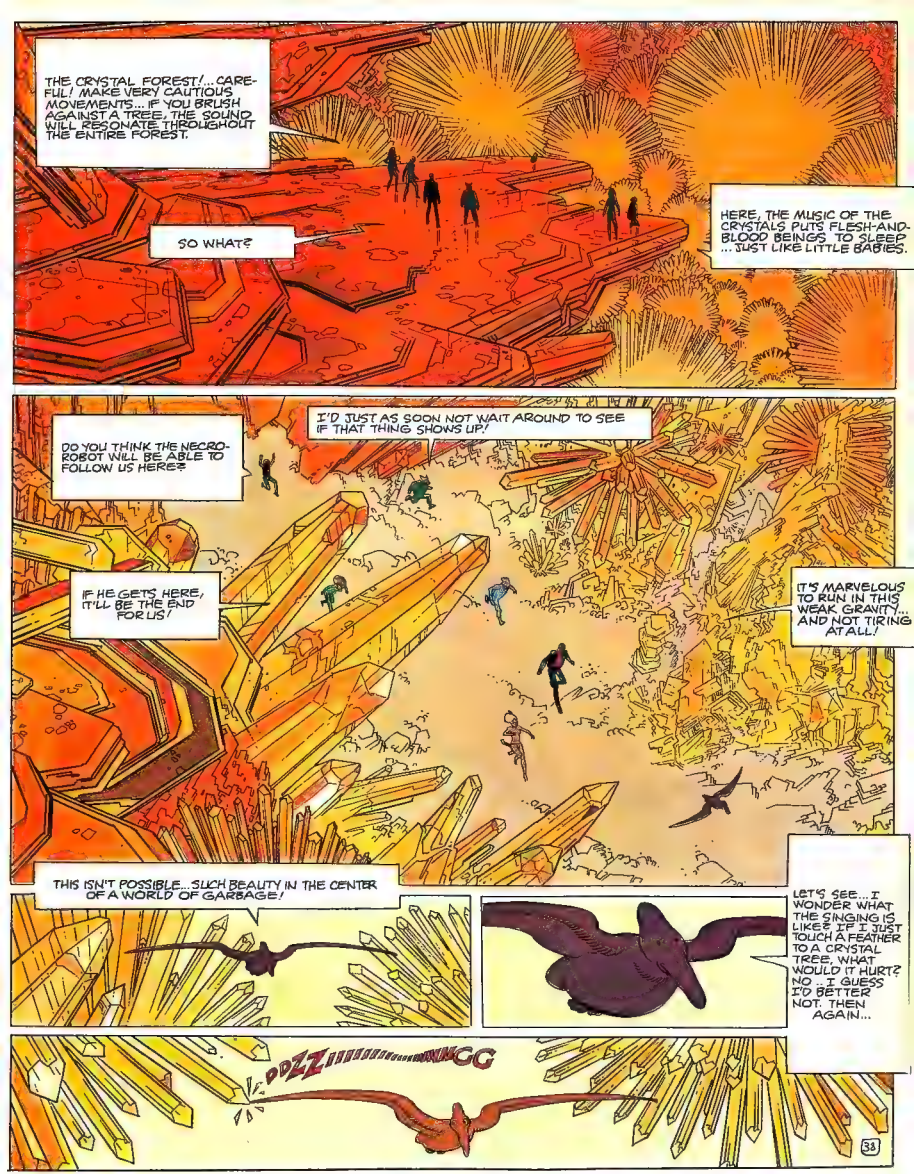
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

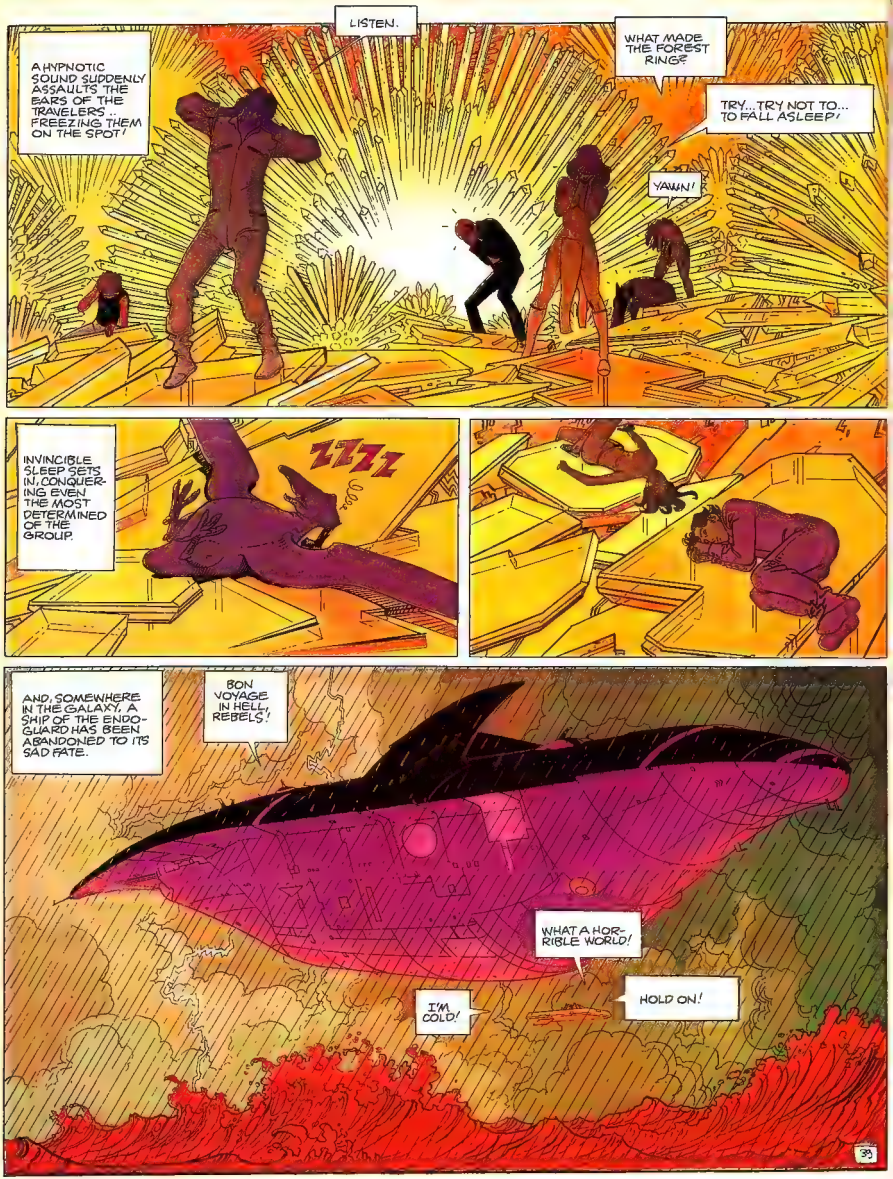
by Jodorowsky and Moebius

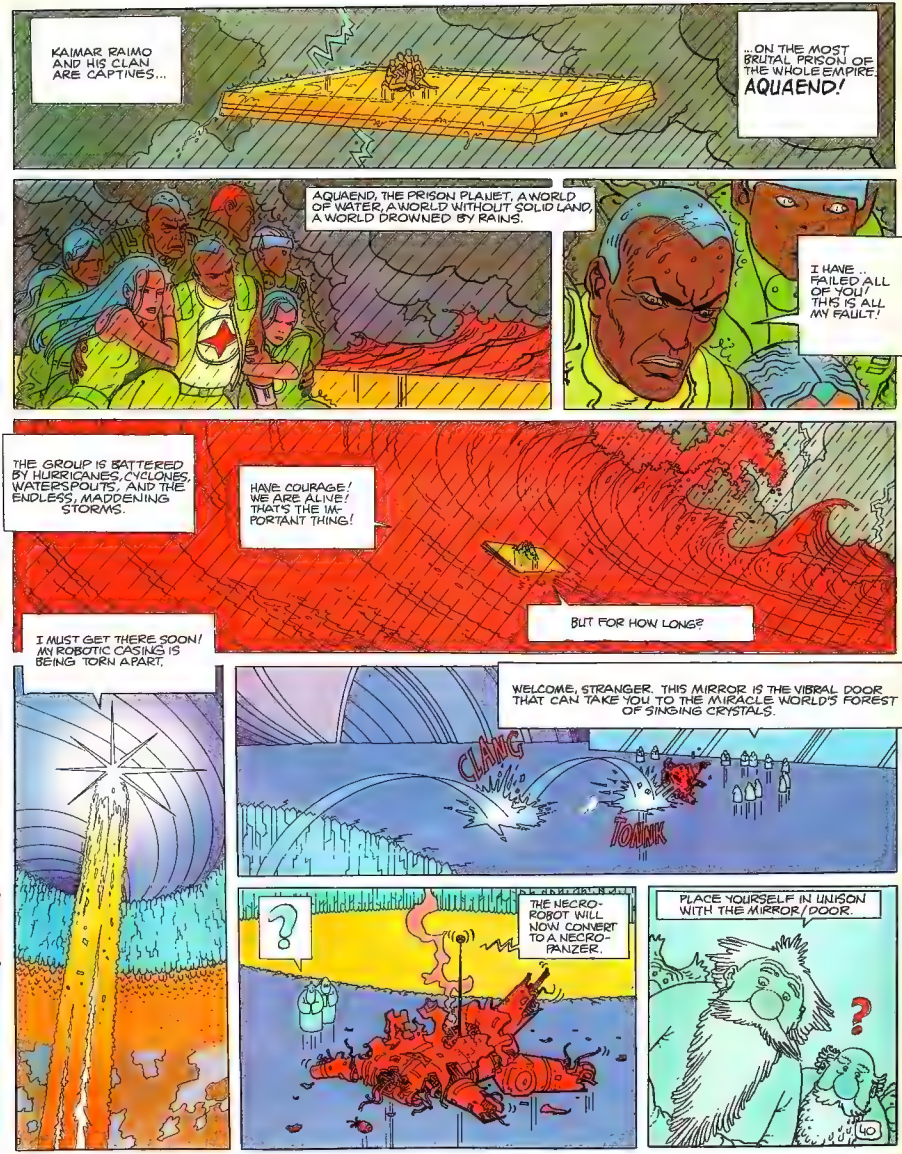
PURSUED BY THE EVIL NECRO-ROBOT, JOHN DIFOOL AND HIS FRIENDS FOUND THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF LIGHT WHERE THEY ENCOUNTERED THE LEGENDARY MILLENNIAL GUARDIANS - THE ARHATS!

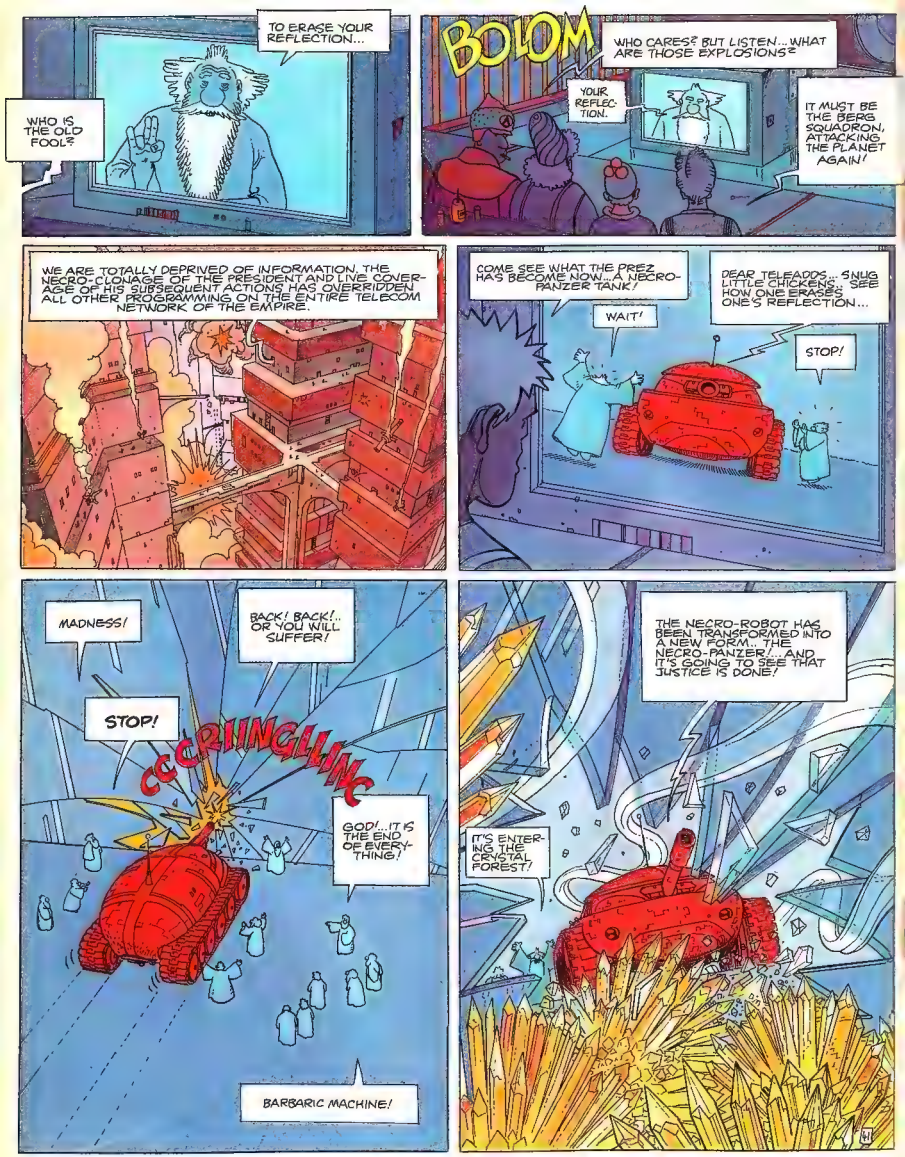

BACK AT THE DOORWAY...
WELCOME, STRANGER! YOU, WHO DESIRE TO GO THROUGH THE DOOR OF LIGHT, MUST ELIMINATE FROM YOUR THOUGHTS ALL RESENTMENT, FEAR, AND HATE...
HAH!
WHY DON'T I JUST ELIMINATE YOU? I FEEL YOUR SYRUPY VIBRATIONS UNDER MY FEET RIGHT NOW!
I'LL JUST PULL OUT YOUR GUTS!
THIS IS IT, FOLKS! NOW WE'LL GET SOME REAL ACTION!
CRAAAAACCCC
I'M HOLDING IT!... THIS SMALL PIECE OF GLASS CONTROLS THE DOORWAY!
AH! THE NECRO-PREZ IS STRONG!
THE CRYSTAL'S ENERGY IS RUSHING THROUGH THE NECRO-ROBOT ...ARE WE GOING TO SUCCEED?
THE ENERGY FROM THE DISSOLUTION OF THE CRYSTAL IS GOING TO DRAG YOU INTO ITS OWN DESTRUCTION, BARBAROUS MACHINE!
WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL?
I AM THE NECRO-PREZ! I REMAIN THE ULTIMATE SOURCE.
IT'S WORKING, DEAR TELEADDS! WE'RE TAKING OFF! HOORAY!

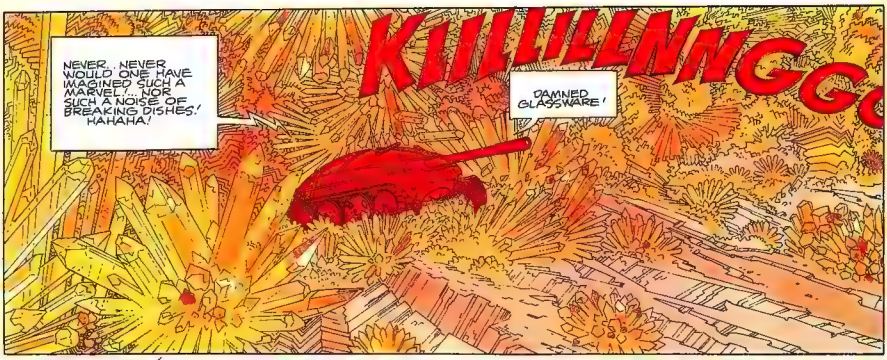

THIS MIRROR IS THE VIBRAL DOOR THAT OPENS UPON THE MIRACLE WORLD OF THE FOREST OF THE SINGING CRYSTALS.
AND OH! WHAT JOYOUS SINGING IT IS!...AND SO DEADLY!
WE ARE PREPARED FOR THE PASSAGE TO THE SINGING FOREST, O GUARDIANS!
ME, TOO!
HEY! THE NECRO-ROBOT IS HOT ON OUR TRAIL! I CAN FEEL IT! BRR!
SILENCE!
TO GO THROUGH THE MIRROR, YOU MUST PUT YOURSELF IN UNISON WITH
CAREFUL, NOW! IT IS DIFFICULT!
THEIR REFLECTIONS ARE DISAPPEARING! THERE THEY GO!
PERFECT!
BRAVO!
SUCH BRAVE LITTLE ONES!
THEY'VE GONE NOW!
OH, BUT THEY'VE NOT COME TO THE END OF THEIR TROUBLES!
...AND THEY ARE IN THE FOREST!


THE CRYSTAL FOREST!... CAREFUL! MAKE VERY CAUTIOUS MOVEMENTS... IF YOU BRUSH AGAINST A TREE, THE SOUND WILL RESONATE THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE FOREST.
SO WHAT?
HERE, THE MUSIC OF THE CRYSTALS PUTS FLESH-AND-BLOOD BEINGS TO SLEEP ... JUST LIKE LITTLE BABIES.
DO YOU THINK THE NECRO-ROBOT WILL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW US HERE?
I'D JUST AS SOON NOT WAIT AROUND TO SEE IF THAT THING SHOWS UP!
IF HE GETS HERE, IT'LL BE THE END FOR US!
IT'S MARVELOUS TO RUN IN THIS WEAK GRAVITY... AND NOT TIRING AT ALL!
THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE... SUCH BEAUTY IN THE CENTER OF A WORLD OF GARBAGE!
LET'S SEE... I WONDER WHAT THE SINGING IS LIKE? IF I JUST TOUCH A FEATHER TO A CRYSTAL TREE, WHAT WOULD IT HURT? NO ... I GUESS I'D BETTER NOT. THEN AGAIN...
PDZZ
GG
38

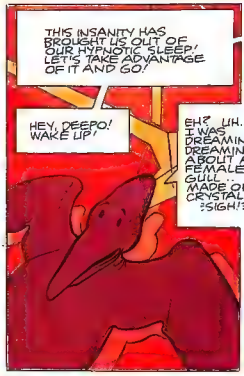

A HYPNOTIC SOUND SUDDENLY ASSAULTS THE EARS OF THE TRAVELERS.. FREEZING THEM ON THE SPOT!
LISTEN.
WHAT MADE THE FOREST RING?
TRY...TRY NOT TO... TO FALL ASLEEP!
YAWN!
INVINCIBLE SLEEP SETS IN, CONQUERING EVEN THE MOST DETERMINED OF THE GROUP.
ZZZZ
AND, SOMEWHERE IN THE GALAXY, A SHIP OF THE ENDO-GUARD HAS BEEN ABANDONED TO ITS SAD FATE.
BON VOYAGE IN HELL, REBELS!
WHAT A HORRIBLE WORLD!
I'M COLD!
HOLD ON!
39

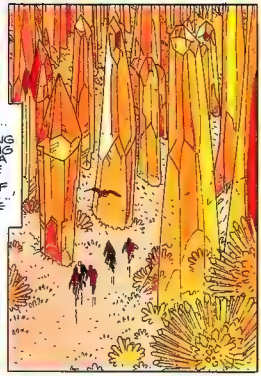

KAIMAR RAIMO AND HIS CLAN ARE CAPTIVES...
...ON THE MOST BRUTAL PRISON OF THE WHOLE EMPIRE. AQUAEND!
AQUAEND, THE PRISON PLANET, A WORLD OF WATER, A WORLD WITHOUT SOLID LAND, A WORLD DROWNED BY RAINS.
I HAVE... FAILED ALL OF YOU! THIS IS ALL MY FAULT!
THE GROUP IS BATTERED BY HURRICANES, CYCLONES, WATERSPOUTS, AND THE ENDLESS, MADDENING STORMS.
HAVE COURAGE! WE ARE ALIVE! THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING!
BUT FOR HOW LONG?
I MUST GET THERE SOON! MY ROBOTIC CASING IS BEING TORN APART.
WELCOME, STRANGER. THIS MIRROR IS THE VIBRAL DOOR THAT CAN TAKE YOU TO THE MIRACLE WORLD'S FOREST OF SINGING CRYSTALS.
CLANG
TOUCH
?
THE NECRO-ROBOT WILL NOW CONVERT TO A NECRO-PANZER.
PLACE YOURSELF IN UNISON WITH THE MIRROR/DOOR.
?

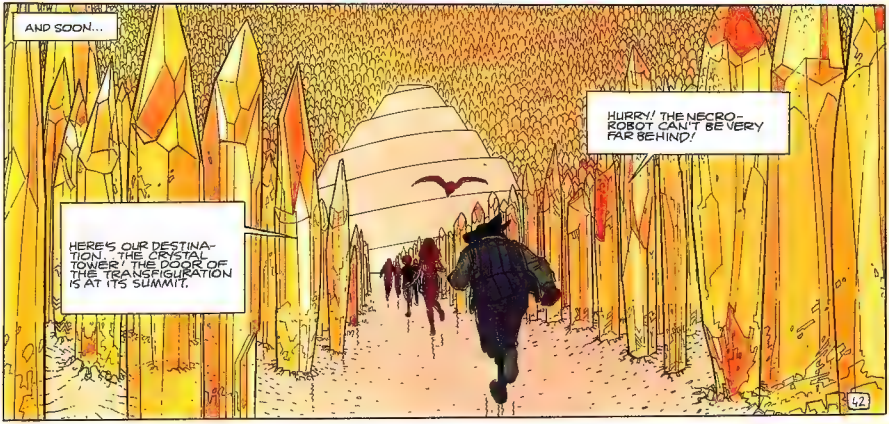

TO ERASE YOUR REFLECTION...
WHO IS THE OLD FOOL?
BOOM
WHO CARES? BUT LISTEN... WHAT ARE THOSE EXPLOSIONS?
YOUR REFLECTION.
IT MUST BE THE BERG SQUADRON, ATTACKING THE PLANET AGAIN!
WE ARE TOTALLY DEPRIVED OF INFORMATION. THE NECRO-CLOWAGE OF THE PRESIDENT AND LIVE COVERAGE OF HIS SUBSEQUENT ACTIONS HAS OVERRIDDEN ALL OTHER PROGRAMMING ON THE ENTIRE TELECOM NETWORK OF THE EMPIRE.
COME SEE WHAT THE PREZ HAS BECOME NOW... A NECRO-PANZER TANK!
WAIT!
DEAR TELEADDS... SNUG LITTLE CHICKENS... SEE HOW ONE ERASES ONE'S REFLECTION...
STOP!
MADNESS!
BACK! BACK!.. OR YOU WILL SUFFER!
STOP!
CCCRUNCHLLLINC
GOD!.. IT IS THE END OF EVERYTHING!
BARBARIC MACHINE!
THE NECRO-ROBOT HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A NEW FORM, THE NECRO-PANZER!... AND IT'S GOING TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!
IT'S ENTERING THE CRYSTAL FOREST!

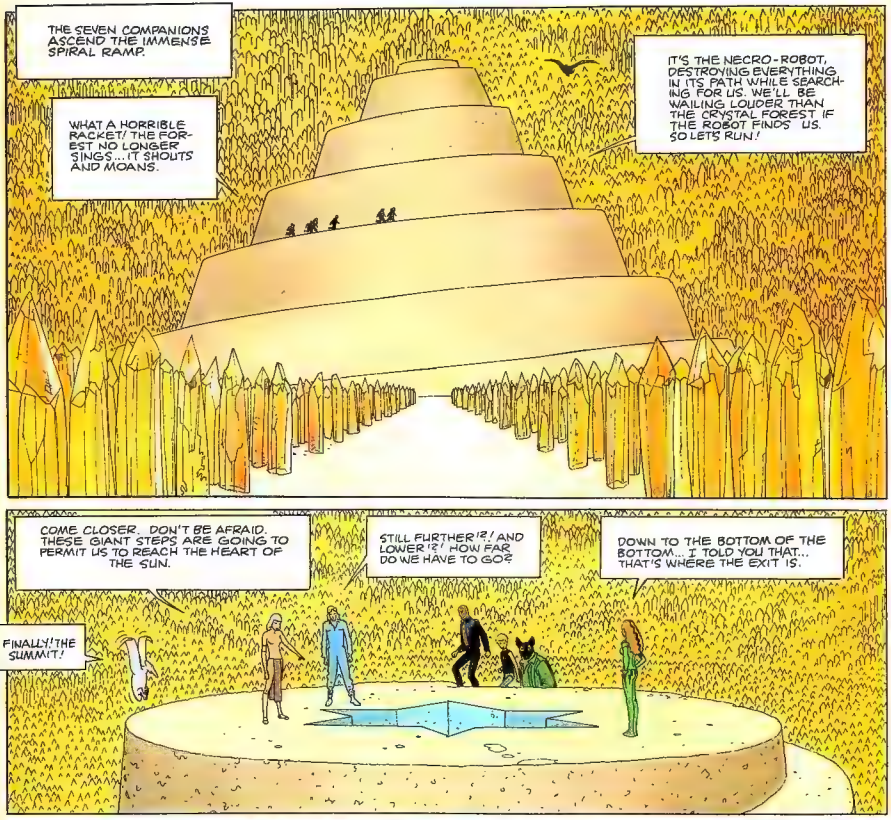

NEVER, NEVER WOULD ONE HAVE IMAGINED SUCH A MARVEL!, NOR SUCH A NOISE OF BREAKING DISHES! HAHAHA!
KLLLLLLNNGG
DAMNED GLASSWARE!

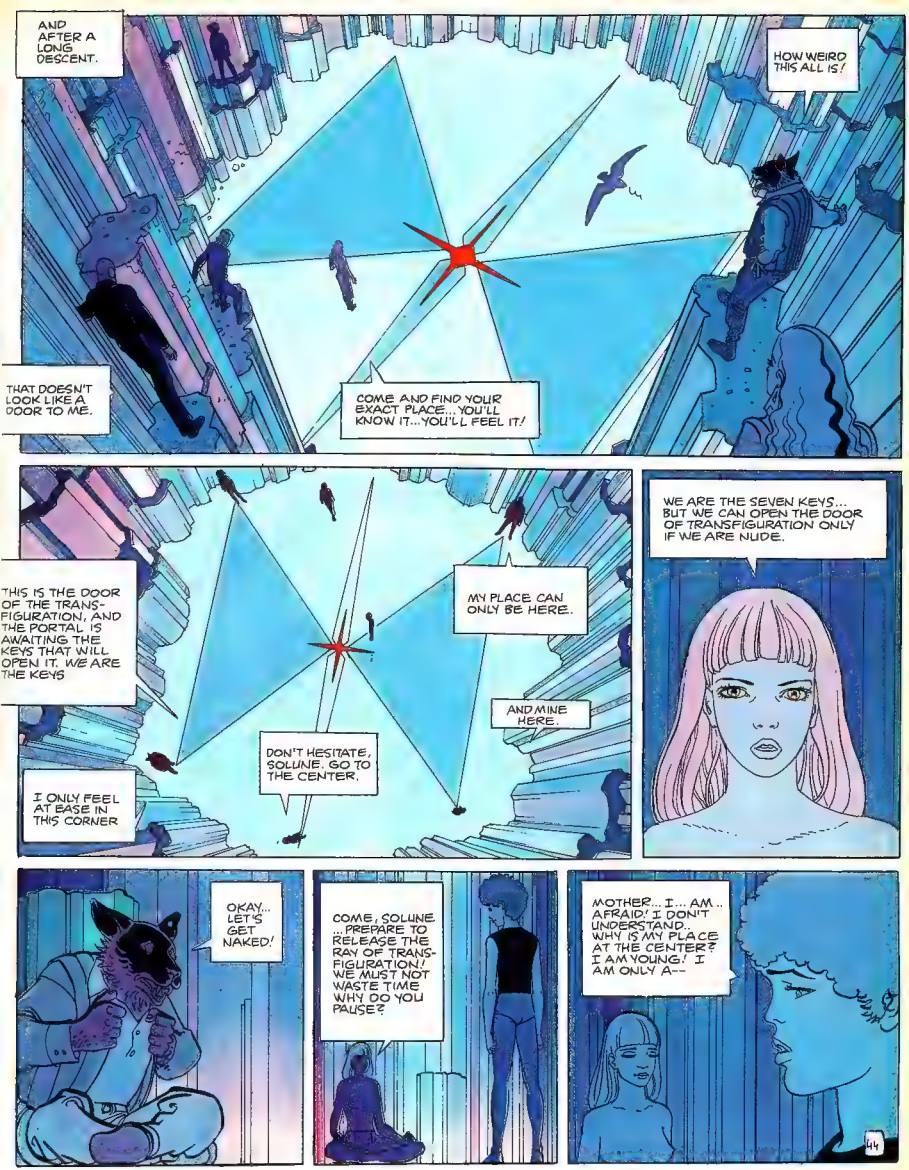
AKLANG
WHAT TH-?
HUH?
THAT CAN ONLY BE THE NECRO-ROBOT! HE'S BROKEN THE VIBRAL DOOR, THE FOOL!

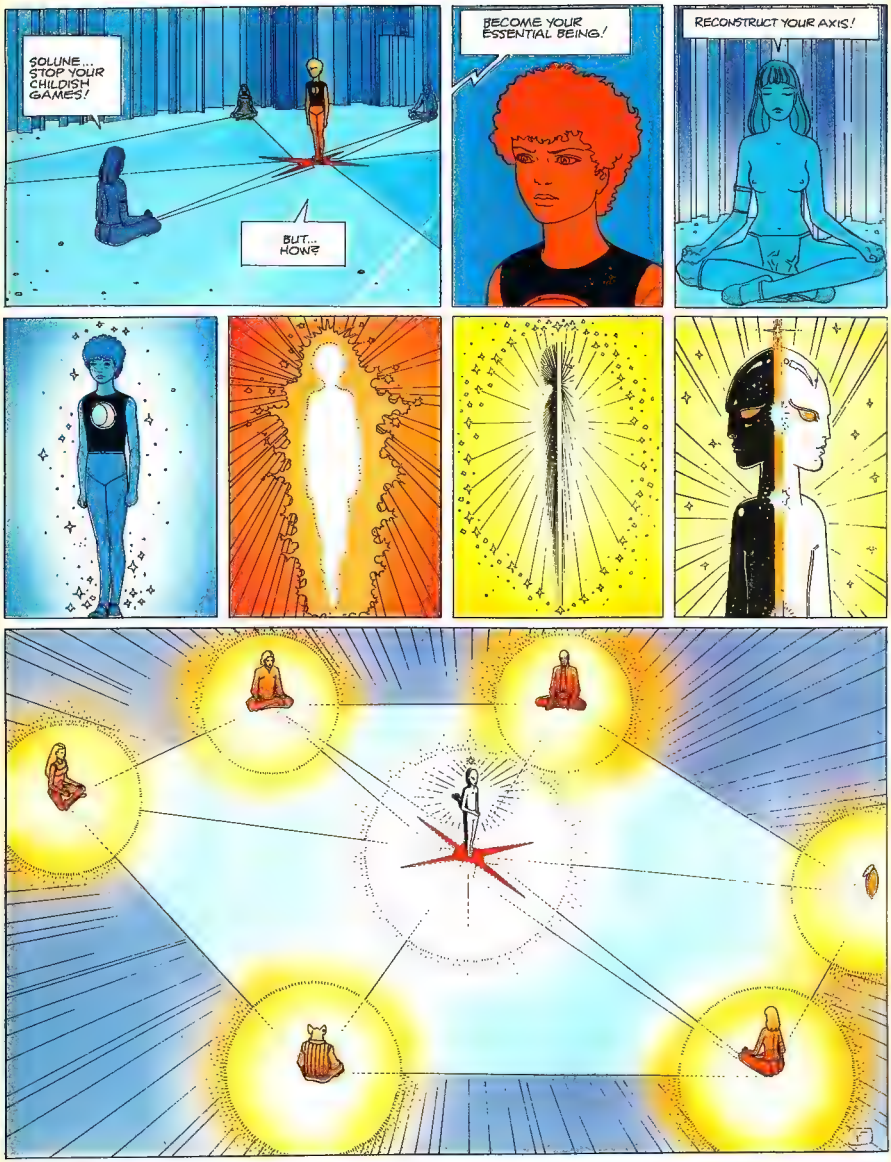

THIS INSANITY HAS BROUGHT US OUT OF OUR HYPNOTIC SLEEP! LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT AND GO!
HEY, DEEPO! WAKE UP!
EH? UH... I WAS DREAMING DREAMING ABOUT A FEMALE GULL MADE OF CRYSTAL... SIGH!




AND SOON...
HURRY! THE NECRO-ROBOT CAN'T BE VERY FAR BEHIND!
HERE'S OUR DESTINATION - THE CRYSTAL TOWER! THE DOOR OF THE TRANSFIGURATION IS AT ITS SUMMIT!
42


THE SEVEN COMPANIONS ASCEND THE IMMENSE SPIRAL RAMP.
WHAT A HORRIBLE RACKET! THE FOREST NO LONGER SINGS... IT SHOUTS AND MOANS.
IT'S THE NECRO-ROBOT, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH WHILE SEARCHING FOR US. WE'LL BE WAILING LOUDER THAN THE CRYSTAL FOREST IF THE ROBOT FINDS US. SO LET'S RUN!
COME CLOSER. DON'T BE AFRAID. THESE GIANT STEPS ARE GOING TO PERMIT US TO REACH THE HEART OF THE SUN.
STILL FURTHER!? AND LOWER!? HOW FAR DO WE HAVE TO GO?
DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTOM... I TOLD YOU THAT... THAT'S WHERE THE EXIT IS.
FINALLY! THE SUMMIT!
WHAT AN ABYSS!
COME ON! HAVE CONFIDENCE!
43


AND AFTER A LONG DESCENT.
HOW WEIRD THIS ALL IS!
THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A DOOR TO ME.
COME AND FIND YOUR EXACT PLACE... YOU'LL KNOW IT... YOU'LL FEEL IT!
THIS IS THE DOOR OF THE TRANS-FIGURATION, AND THE PORTAL IS AWAITING THE KEYS THAT WILL OPEN IT. WE ARE THE KEYS
MY PLACE CAN ONLY BE HERE.
AND MINE HERE.
DON'T HESITATE, SOLUNE. GO TO THE CENTER.
I ONLY FEEL AT BASE IN THIS CORNER
WE ARE THE SEVEN KEYS... BUT WE CAN OPEN THE DOOR OF TRANSFIGURATION ONLY IF WE ARE NUDE.
OKAY.. LET'S GET NAKED!
COME, SOLUNE ... PREPARE TO RELEASE THE RAY OF TRANS-FIGURATION! WE MUST NOT WASTE TIME WHY DO YOU PAUSE?
MOTHER... I... AM.. AFRAID! I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY IS MY PLACE AT THE CENTER? I AM YOUNG! I AM ONLY A--
44



TO BE CONTINUED...

GET BACK IN YOUR ROOM, GIORGIO!
GRR!
WHAT IS THAT SHITTY MUSIC?
RAW XEROX
?!
ANYA... GET OUT WHILE I HOLD HIM!
KROK!
UHHN!
YOU DON'T LIKE THE GREAT ELVIS EITHER! RARRR! I THINK I'LL KILL YOU! GRRRARRR!
COOL IT, GIORGIO... ROCK N' ROLL ISN'T APPRECIATED BY EVERYONE, YOU KNOW!
JAILHOUSE GRRRRR ROCK!
YOU FUCKIN' MORONIC COCK-SUCKER! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST STAY IN YOUR ROOM AND LISTEN TO YOUR MUSIC?
OUR MOTHER WAS CURSED THE DAY SHE BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD! NOW, COME ON... STOP BUGGING US! BE GOOD!
GOOD GOD! HE'S KILLED RAUL!
HE'S ROMEO'S BROTHER. HE WAS BORN LIKE THIS BECAUSE OF SOME DRUGS HIS MOTHER TOOK WHEN SHE WAS PREGNANT.
HE'S SO UGLY! I'M GONNA PUKE!
MARTINE! STRAIGHTEN UP!
HEY! WATCH OUT! HE'S GOT A CHAIN SAW!

ARGH!
DIE, PUNKS!
GIRLS... I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO GET OUR ASSES OUT OF HERE... WHILE WE CAN!
LUBNA IT'S AWFUL... TERRIBLE!
I'LL JUST KILL EVERY-BODY!
WHY KILL YOUR BROTHER? HE BOUGHT RECORDS FOR YOU, DIDN'T HE? HE LOVES ROCK 'N' ROLL! SLAUGHTER THOSE GIRLS, INSTEAD. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO HATE ELVIS!
OH, GOD! LOOK AT WHAT THAT ASSHOLE DID TO ME!
PUT DOWN THAT SAW, GIORGIO. LOOK AT THE MESS YOU'VE MADE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, ROMEO'S NICE. HE BUYS ELVIS FOR ME. BUT THE GIRLS... THEY CALLED IT "SHITTY MUSIC." I'M GONNA KILL THOSE GIRLS. THEY INSULTED ROCK 'N' ROLL! GRRARRRR!

RUN, CARMEN! RUN!... THAT... THAT THING IS FOLLOWING US! RUN!
INTO THE SUBWAY! MAYBE WE CAN LOSE HIM! HURRY!
ALL I HAVE ON IS MY UNDERWEAR! DAMN!
HOLY SHIT!
IN THE NAME OF ELVIS... STOP!
ROMA
LINEA 3
AT LEAST CARMEN GOT AWAY SAFELY!
WOW! WHAT CUTE BABES!
I'M OUT OF BREATH! CAN'T RUN!
BE-BOP A LULA... SHE'S MY GERRR! BABY...
DIE, PUNK! THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MAMA...
NOOO!

HURRY! MAYBE WE'VE LOST HIM!
EXCUSE US, PLEASE EXCUSE US!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK! RRRAR!
ARGH!
UHH!
HELP!
GET UP, ANYA! HE'S GETTING CLOSER!
HELP ME!

WE'VE MISSED THE TRAIN!
OH, GOD! NOW WE'RE TRAPPED!
LITTLE WHORES WHO HATE ELVIS. I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS!
EXCUSE US! IF IT WERE UP TO ME, I WOULDN'T HARM YOU. BUT HE CONTROLS THE BODY! I AM TRULY SORRY!
ZZZZIIIIIIIIRRRR
THIS IS IT, GIRLS!
I CAN'T GET NO SAT-IS-FAC-TION
...BUT MAYBE ME AN' MY FRIENDS CAN GET A LITTLE FUN OUT O' BUTCHERIN' A BIG FUCKIN' FREAK LIKE YOU!
IT'S CARMEN!

AHHH! IT BURNS!
NOW... DUMP THE OIL BUCKET!
OUR WATER PISTOLS ARE FILLED WITH ACID, CREEP! Y'LIKE IT?
HE'S SLIPPING! WATCH OUT FOR THE SAW!

ARGH!!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU PSYCHO! LET'S CUT 'IM UP, GANG!
LISTEN, CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER? I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

NOO..!
NOOO!
YOUR FRIENDS ARE REALLY...UH. ADORABLE, CARMEN!
YEAH... WELL, LET'S GO!
WHAT SCUM!
LATER, AT LUBNA'S AND RANKEROX'S...
WHOA! LOOK AT THAT HUH, GIRLS?
ERIKA...YOUR SKIN IS SO SILKY! YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL! LET ME MAKE LOVE TO YOU... HMMMMMM... YES... FORGET ABOUT MIKE... AND BUD... AND LOU... AND ED... AND WILBUR.. OKAY?
FIX UP THE COLOR, RANK, WILLYA?
SNORT! WHAT A LIFE THESE GIRLS HAVE! NEVER THE SLIGHTEST WORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITIES. JUST RUNNING AROUND AND HAVING LOTS OF FUN ALL DAY LONG!
THE END!

EARTH 2417, POST-APOCALYPSE
TWILIGHT FALLS ON A WORLD RAVAGED BY THE HAND OF MAN
SHIT!
ALMIGHTY - ALMIGHTY - GOT A VISUAL ON YER ECOS SHUTTLE, BUT THEY'RE NOWHERE IN SIGHT.
DAMN! BAKA MARCHED THEM RIGHT INTO THE MUTIES' HANDS...THAT MOTHERLESS PENDEJO!
"ALMIGHTY TO SYNWULFE... NO-STATE RESCUE...TRANSPORTATION TO NEW PHOENIX HAS BEEN REROUTED AND WILL PROCEED AS KNOWN YOU HAVE TWENTY MINUTES."
WHEN EARTH DIED, MAN FLED TO THE SATELLITE COLONIES... AND BEYOND, LEAVING IT TO THE MUTIES, THE TWISTED HUMANOIDS DESCENDED FROM THOSE WHOSE SEED WAS TAINTED BY CONTACT WITH THEIR TORTURED PLANET.
THE FEW TRUE HUMANS LEFT ARE THE TERRA COMMISSION'S BOUNTY HUNTER CORPS, A RAGTAG ARMY OF CRIMINALS, SOCIAL UNDESIRABLES AND HALFBREEDS SHANGHAIED DOWN TO THE SURFACE TO WAGE A SAVAGE WAR OF EXTINCTION WITH THE MUTANTS.
'S A BAD SCENE 'PUTER! GOTTA BE GONZO IMPORTANTE F'R ME TO RISK THAT FLAMIN' MUTIE NEST! WHAT'S IN IT F'R ME TO...
©1984 STEVE RINGGENBERG & GEORGE PRATT

COLLECT THE TIN SOLDIERS

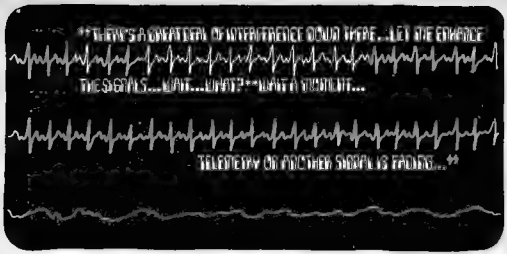
SCRIPT: STEVE RINGGENBERG · ART: GEORGE PRATT · LETTERING: NED SONNTAG

SYNWULFE

Bounty Hunter

"YOU WILL BE AMPLY RE-SUPPLIED IF YOU ARE SUCCESSFUL IN RETRIEVING THE ECO-TEAM AND THEIR SAMPLE CASE..."
YA BETTER COUGH UP SOME FOOD 'N' AMMO, ALMIGHTY... I AIN'T ET IN TWO DAYS AN' I'M NEAR OUTA AMMO.
"WHEN THE DRONE DOCKS, DON'T WASTE ANY TIME SCOUTING AROUND ... FIND OUR PEOPLE WITHIN IMMEDIATELY AND GET THEM ABOARD..."
THOUGHT I SAW TORTURE FIRES GOIN'. MIGHT BE TOO LATE ALREADY.
"NO, I STILL HAVE TELEMETRY ON 3 SIGNALS..."
THEN ONE OF 'EM IS DEAD NOW.
"REGARDLESS OF THAT, YOU MUST RETRIEVE THEIR SAMPLE CASE... ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS ARE SECONDARY..."
WHY? WHAT'D THEY FIND'S SO GODDAM IMPORTANT, HUH?
TOMBAUGH CRATER, SEAT OF THE TERRA COMMISSION...
"SVANWULFE, REMEMBER, THE REPLENISH SEQUENCE ON THE DRONE LASTS ONLY 36 MINUTES AND CANNOT BE ALTERED..."
THAT DON'T GIVE ME A HELLUVA LOTTA TIME!
HE'S TOO CLOSE TO PROJECT ORION! TELL HIM NOTHING... NO, BETTER... SIDETRACK HIM.
"SORRY, DATA UNUSUAL ARE WITHOUT PROPER CLEARANCE..."
OF ALL THE LAME BULL--!

UHHHHHHHHHH!
JIVE ME AN' YOU DIE, UGLY! NICE AN' SLOW NOW... TELL ME WHERE YOU STASHED THE BOOS AN' THE HUNTER.
ALMIGHTY, Y'R TIN SOLDIERS ARE ICED DOWN IN THE CATCH PITS. HOW FAR ?
"THAT WOULD BE THE SOLID WASTE CONTAINMENT TANKS... TWO LEVELS BELOW YOU... NOW YOU'RE LOCKED ONTO THEIR MONITORS... JUST FOLLOW THE SIGNALS..."


"THERE'S A GREAT DEAL OF INTERFERENCE DOWN THERE...LET ME ENHANCE
THE SIGNALS...WAIT...WHAT?"...WHAT A TWIST!...
TELEMETRY ON ANOTHER SIGNAL IS FADING..."

DAMN!

" GO LEFT AT THE BENT JUNCTION, THEN DOWN THE TUNNEL AND YOU'LL FIND THEM...EXERCISE EXTREME CAUTION...OUR INTELLIGENCE INDICATES"
SCREW YER INTELLIGENCE! I KNOW THIS FLAMIN' HOLE'S CRAWLIN' WITH 'EM... I CAN SMELL 'EM!

SHICK!

MICHAEL!, MICHAEL! OHMIGOD!...HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!
STAY BACK! DON'T HURT US! IF YOU TOUCH HER... I'LL... !!!

WAIT A MINUTE, EVA... I DON'T THINK HE'S COME HERE TO HURT US! HE DOESN'T LOOK MUTATED...AN' KILLED OUR GUARD! I THINK WE
HOW'S IT DANGLIN', BAKA?
HEY, FELLA! WHO ARE YOU? WHO SENT YOU? YOU SAVVY? TERRA COMMUNICATION?
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I CAN TAKE
MICHAEL! THE HUNTER'S BLEEDING ON ME! GET HIM HE'S LEANING ON ME! GOOOOOOOOD!
AGH! HEY! YOU!
B-BAD...KAFF! KAFF! ...CAN'T WALK... THEY C-CUT M'TENDONS, WULFE.
THEN I CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH US. THERE'S NO TIME!
YEAH... KAFF! KAFF!
PROMISE ME, WULFE...DON'T LET THE BASTARDS FINISH ME...
WON'T
SEE YOU IN HELL, MAN.
BLAM!
SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU TWO FREAK ON ME... WE'RE ALL MUTIE BAIT!
KEEP MOVIN'! DOCKING BAY'S DOWN TH' TUNNEL!

IT'S JUDGEMENT DAY, FREAKS!
MUTIES! WE'RE SPOTTED! HAUL ASS, YOU TWO. I'LL SLOW 'EM DOWN!
YAIIIEE!! VIII!!
HEY! HEY, HUNTER! THE SED'S LEAVING! HURRY!
C'MON, MAN! RUN!
I GOT YOU! I GOT YOU!

AAAAAAHH
LET GO.... GODDAMMIT!
SPAKK!
OKAY... YOUR TIN SOLDIERS AN' THEIR BOX ARE SAFE...NOW WHERE'S MY FOOD?
"GREENING... MY SCAN OF THIS SHIP'S STORES INDICATES THEY ARE DEPLETED... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL YOUR REGULAR RE-SUPPLY DATE"
LEGGO, YA SLOBBERIN' GEEK!
I SAID...
SKANKIN' MACHINE! YA KNEW THEY WERE EMPTY! HOW'M I S'POSED TO BAG SLICKS WITH NO AMMO? HUH? HOW? TELL ME!
MUTANTS

GOD, I DON'T KNOW HOW WE CAN EVER REPAY YOU, MISTER...
NAME'S WULFE!
SKIP IT. I ONLY SAVED YA 'CUSE ALMIGHTY PROMISED ME FOOD AN' AMMO... BUT HELL... THERE'S NO FOOD, AN' I USED UP MOST OF MY AMMO...
...BACK THERE!
HONEST TO GOD, MICHAEL, I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER FORGET HOW HE JUST SHOT OUR POOR GUIDE! HE'S NOT A MAN... HE'S SOME KIND OF ANIMAL.
HUSH, EVA! THAT 'ANIMAL' SAVED US FROM GOD KNOWS WHAT!
HEY... FOOD! I'M TAKIN' THIS STUFF! YOU BOZOS GOT A RUCKSACK?
NO! LEAVE THOSE THINGS ALONE, YOU MURDERING PIG! GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THOSE FILTHY THINGS BACK IN NEW PHOENIX!
EVA! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, FOR GODSAKE!
GUESS YOU DON'T HEAR SO GOOD, LADY... I SAID I'M TAKIN' IT ALL.
Y'SEE, I AIN'T HAD ANY FOOD IN TWO DAYS... AN' THAT MAKES ME KINDA MEAN. SO JUST CONSIDER IT A DOWN PAYMENT ON A WHOLE SKIN.
BUT BEFORE I VAMOOSE... LEMME GIVE YA SOME ADVICE: GO BACK UP TO YR HERMETIC RABBIT WARRENS AN' STAY THERE! EARTH AIN'T A FORGIVIN' MOTHER NO MORE!
ANYBODY ASKS ME 'WULFE... MUTIES STRIPPED THE SHUTTLE!
SHORTLY...
ARE THE SAMPLES SAFE?
"AFFIRMATIVE, COMMISSIONER. HOWEVER ONE TEAM MEMBER AND A SECURITY HUNTER WERE KILLED."
THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE! AS LONG AS THE DNA SPECIMENS ARE SAFE...
"...PROJECT ORION CAN PROCEED ON SCHEDULE...."

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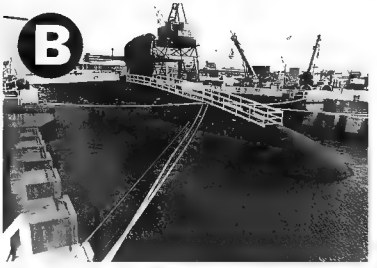

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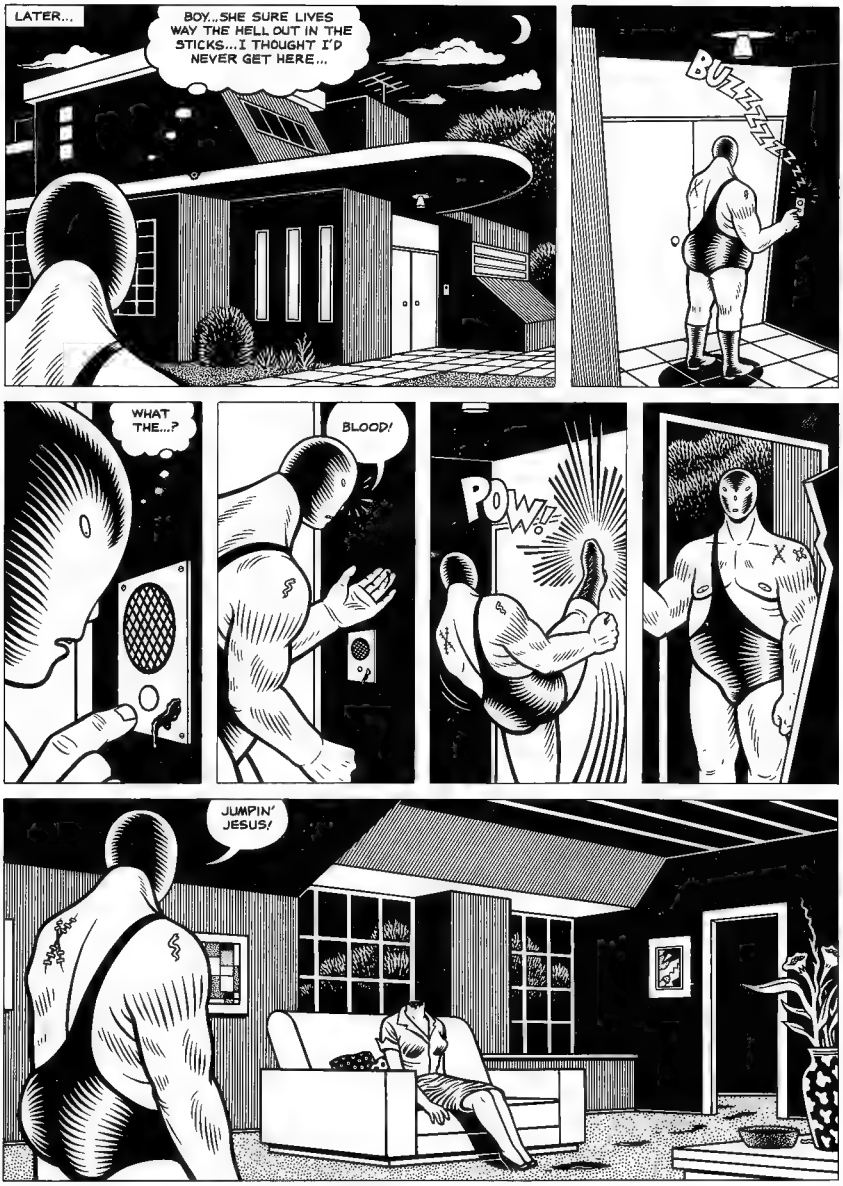
El BORBAH
Living IN THE ICE-AGE
STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH IS HIRED BY JANET SKANK TO FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER HUSBAND'S FROZEN BODY..WHILE QUESTIONING THE OWNER OF SNOWBOY CRYONICS, EL BORBAH DISCOVERS THAT SAM SKANK HAS BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE. THEIR DISCUSSION IS INTERRUPTED BY A HARSH, WHINING VOICE...
YOU HEARD ME! DON'T MOVE OR I'LL KILL YOU ALL!
©1988 C BURNS
HEY...KEEP COOL, POPS...YOU KNOW YOUR OLD LADY'S BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU?
YOU'LL KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! THE ONLY PERSON I WANT TO ADDRESS IS MR. YORK...
THAT'S FINE BY ME, TINY...

ALRIGHT, MR. YORK... I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME... QUICKLY AND QUIETLY!
...AND AS FOR YOU, YOU OVERGROWN APE, DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW US, OR I'LL...
DON'T WORRY, SKANK... THIS SAWED-OFF RUNT ISN'T WORTH CATCHING LEAD FOR...
BESIDES... I'M NOT DONE CHOWING DOWN...
OK... THE PARTY'S OVER, FOLKS... NOW, SCRAM!
HEY, LOOKS LIKE OLD P.J. YORK LEFT HIS BRIEFCASE BEHIND...
CREEPING JESUS! LOOK AT THESE OLD COOTS! I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'VE ALL BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE!
HAH! HAH! THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE REJECTS!
OH, WELL... I'D BETTER GET MY ASS OUT OF HERE...
IT'S TIME TO GIVE MRS. SKANK THE BIG SCOOP...
SHE'LL BE WIGGED OUT WHEN I TELL HER MR. SKANK IS ALIVE AND KICKING... WITH THE BODY OF A TWO YEAR OLD...


LATER...
BOY...SHE SURE LIVES WAY THE HELL OUT IN THE STICKS...I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET HERE...
BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ
WHAT THE...?
BLOOD!
POW!!
JUMPIN' JESUS!

JANET SKANK MINUS HER HEAD...WHAT A BUM TRIP...
?
CREAK
ALRIGHT! COME ON OUT OR I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!
PLEASE...I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! DON'T HURT ME!
LISTEN, BOZO! I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR WHIMPERING! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
I KNOW THIS LOOKS BAD...I'VE BEEN HIDING FOR HOURS... IN CASE THOSE TERRIBLE LITTLE MEN COME BACK!
EARLIER THIS EVENING, JANET AND I WERE HAVING DINNER TOGETHER...WE WERE, UH... VERY CLOSE FRIENDS...
WE HEARD A SCRATCHING SOUND COMING FROM THE LIVING ROOM AND JANET GOT UP TO SEE WHAT IT WAS...
JUST STAY HERE... THE DOG MUST BE INTO SOMETHING...

ABOUT A MINUTE AFTER JANET LEFT, I HEARD A LOUD BANG AND SOME STRANGE, LOW VOICES...
BANG!
I GOT UP TO SEE IF JANET WAS IN TROUBLE...
I WAS FRIGHTENED, BUT UNPREPARED FOR THE HORROR I WAS ABOUT TO WITNESS...
SHE'S OUT COLD.. GET THAT ICE CHEST OPEN WHILE I START SAWING...
IT WAS TOO TERRIBLE TO DESCRIBE...I HID IN THE CLOSET PRAYING THEY WOULDN'T COME LOOKING FOR ME...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHAT A DRAG...
I KNOW... SHE WAS SO SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL...
NOT HER, YOU WORTHLESS LITTLE GIMP! MY DOUGH! I'VE BEEN STIFFED AGAIN!
CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

Just thought I'd award some kudos today, and to what better magazine could I grant them, right? (*You bet.—ls*) First an explanation. Half a year ago, I had a letter published in another magazine in which I said that mag far outdid *HM*. Now, after reading *HM* for a total of a year, I can say that I honestly had no authority to make that comparison. This year I've gotten a better understanding of your philosophies and goals, and must say I agree with your direction and political stance (yeah, *HM* has a political stance—at least I find one).

The kudos? To Lou Stathis for editing the magazine's voice—Dossier. In those eight pages he manages to cover so much while still delivering a coherent message. To Howard Cruse. I want to see more of his work—he has something to say and his art isn't crude. (*All of us around here think Howard's work is pretty swell, too. Hope you liked his story "Communiqué" last month, and look for more in the future.—ls*) To the man who puts out "Rock Opera" each month. Here's another instance where my first reaction was close-minded until I tried to understand what he was trying to say. Take a bow, Rod.

And—I know this'll just kill you—to the people who took the risk of publishing *HM* and those who continue to do it today. You're up against a lot. My mother describes it as "porn." Jerry Falwell certainly would do his best to bring the wrath of god—any god—down upon you. But, at least according to the 1982 *Folio 400*, you're getting readers, which restores some of my faith in Homo sapiens. To those of us without readily-available undergounds, (*The problem is, undergrounds don't really exist anymore.—ls*) it's a pleasure to find publications that constantly test the first amendment and our preconceived prejudices. I hope I'm still alive in three years to renew my subscription. (*You and me both, pal*—ls)

John Zipperer
Green Bay, WI

Dear Gentlemen:

"Ranxerox" is sickening. Tamburini and Liberatore's world view looks just like the six o'clock news. Everyone Ranxerox kills is just another statistic, and nobody gives a shit. Hey, enough already. I read this magazine for its beautiful escapist comix! Can't you people describe the world as anything other than over-mechanical, increasingly dehumanizing, and violent as hell? Some months Paul Kirchner's "The Bus" is the only light of hope in the maggot-infested darkness which would damn us to an early grave!

William Iverson
Clermont, FL

"'Ranxerox" is sickening.'

For the best answer to the eternal question of "Why do you insist on bringing us such violent art," I suggest you check Seth Tobocman and Peter Kuper's story "Manifesto" in the December 1983 issue. It says it all. As to the continuing brouhaha over the violence in "Ranxerox," I really can't understand how anybody takes it seriously. It's a viciously twisted parody, and we find it hilarious—not nearly as much a contributor to the climate of senseless violence as most action TV shows are, where the division between reality and fantasy is much less obvious. And if we printed only "beautiful escapist comix" in this magazine, I'm sure it would be one boring rag.—ls

Dear Lou:

Nice to see you admittmg in print that your music reviews are mostly pointless jacking-off. Yeah, they are. You're entitled to your tastes, fine, but who cares if what you're reviewing isn't of the slightest interest to those whose musical sphere(s) don't intersect with yours. Enlightenment? Insight? That's a two-way street, Lou. You seem to come across with monomaniacal proselytism on one hand (if you happen to dig what you're reviewing), or throwaway dismissal (if you don't, or can't, or won't try to dig it) on the other. That's fine, if you hand over the reins to someone who *does* dig it to offer up another view. *Therein* lies enlightenment or insight. Having both sides to judge from and finally making up your own mind by hearing the damn thing! (*I'll repeat something I've said here before:* everyone's *prejudiced, no matter how hard they insist otherwise. I think I'm pretty up front with mine, and that's preferable to forcing you to decode what I'm saying with inferred foreknowledge of my likes and dislikes. I admit I'm passionate about my opinions, especially so when I like something, but I also think I'm pretty open-minded, and give anything I'm going to write about an honest, equal shot. Some people have trouble differentiatmg the words "opinionated" and "close-minded." They are not synonyms.—ls*)

I believe too much emphasis is given to the avant-garde and mechanical, computerized synth-rock in *HM*. It swings too much in an impersonal, non-feeling, non-danceable way (and I mean *dance*, dig? Like the bop, or the jive—not robotic, disco maneuvers and meanderings—but sweat-drenched, frenzied, going-crazy, daddy-O. Like, talent, Like, fun.) (*Like, bullshit. One man's dance is another's spastic twitch. Just 'cause* you *can't dance to it, Jack, doesn't make it undanceable. I have no trouble with it.—ls*) Retro-rock? Stuff the labels. Good music is always that. What changes are styles and people's ability to get mto or appreciate a certain kind of music. (*Life changes. Technology changes.* People *change. Music reflects all of that. —ls)* There is no such thing as "progressive music." If you haven't heard it before or haven't gotten into it before—then it is "new" music no matter what year it was recorded or how old its influence. (*To me "progressive music" is anything that challenges accepted notions of music, and it will exist as long as there are thinking, forward-lookmg people not content to leave things as they are.—ls*)

Myself, I used to be up on everything, but then I began to feel more and more frustrated by cold, slick, over-processed junk being made more by electronics and machines than by people. So I finally said fuck it, who needs to keep up with this robotic shit? So I sold some 3,000 records and decided to go back to the roots of my preferred tastes—rock 'n' roll. That term has been much misused and abused for quite sometime now; usually by people who wouldn't know the real thing if they fell over it, or probably dismiss it if they did. Why don't you report a little on the real stuff, instead of just using the term as a catch-all? I'm surprised you haven't had any commentary on the Psychobilly movement over here in Europe. The best example would be a band like the Meteors; punk stance and styling with a rockabilly/R&B base. For once there is a powerful, topical music which is the closest thing to *modern real* rock 'n' roll since the Ramones or the Sex Pistols, but cuts through all the politics between punks, teddy boys, skinheads, rockers, rebels, and psychos. The Meteors employ the same sort of humor as the above-mentioned groups, too; tongue-in-cheek, even if it was put there with a sawed-off baseball bat or a bicycle-chain-wrapped fist.

H. Erik Larsen
Oslo, Norway

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VROOOM!
STORY: NICK CUTI
ART: MANDRAKE
LETTERS: ANDY KUBERT
WORDS OF WEL
MY NAME IS SOFT SHOULDER, SKUD.
AND UNLESS YOU PULL A ONE-EIGHTY MY LOR' 'N' MASSERS ARE GOING TO PAVE YOU INTO THE MACADAM.
JUST YOU DO THE RETREAT, LEAVE THE HOGS,
R.U.R.
PRRUUUM!
R.U.R.'S ARE ROBOTS! AIN'T NO FLESH 'N' BLOODER GOING TO TURN ASS ON TIN MEN. IF THEY WUZ MUTES OR EX-TRIES WE'D PARLEY BUT ROBBIES GET DISASSEMBLED.
HEY! WHAT THE--
VROOM! VROOM!
CHUNGA CHUNGA CHUNGA

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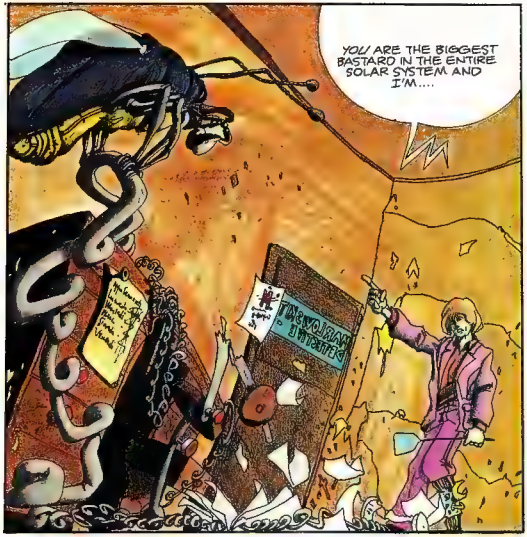
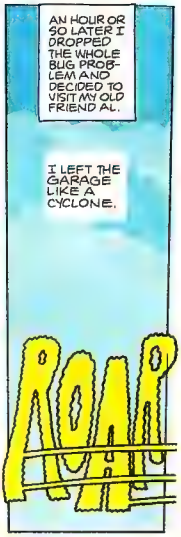
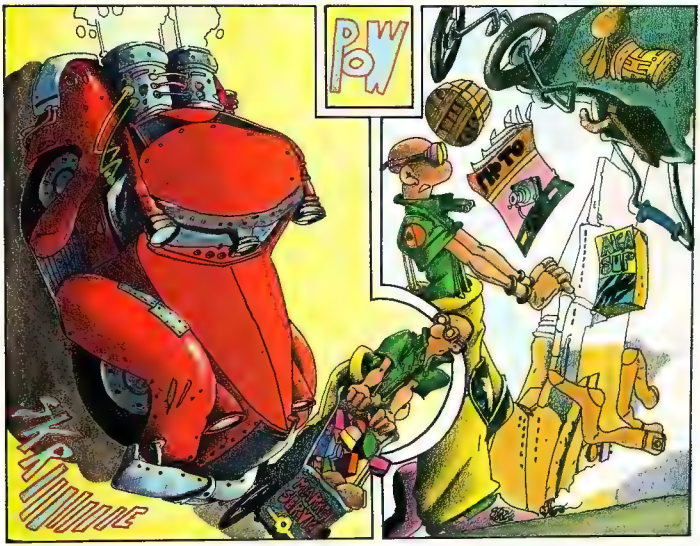
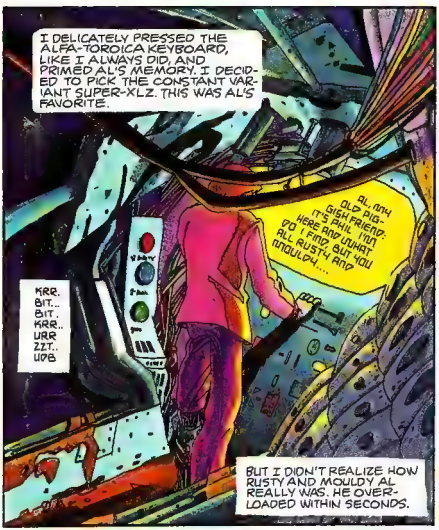
MARLOWSKITZ
THE DETECTIVE
I WAS TIRED OF THIS STUPID GAME I WAS PLAYING. JUST THE BUG AND I... OR IS IT ME AND THE BUG... WHATEVER. LET ME TRY ONE MORE TIME.
THERE!
GOOD!
SHIT!
SPAF
IT GOT AWAY AGAIN.


YOU ARE THE BIGGEST BASTARD IN THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM AND I'M....
TECHNOCRAT INTERESTS

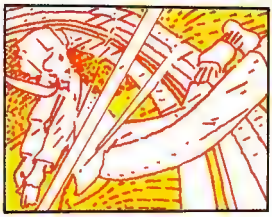

AN HOUR OR SO LATER I DROPPED THE WHOLE BUG PROBLEM AND DECIDED TO VISIT MY OLD FRIEND AL.
I LEFT THE GARAGE LIKE A CYCLONE.
ROAR

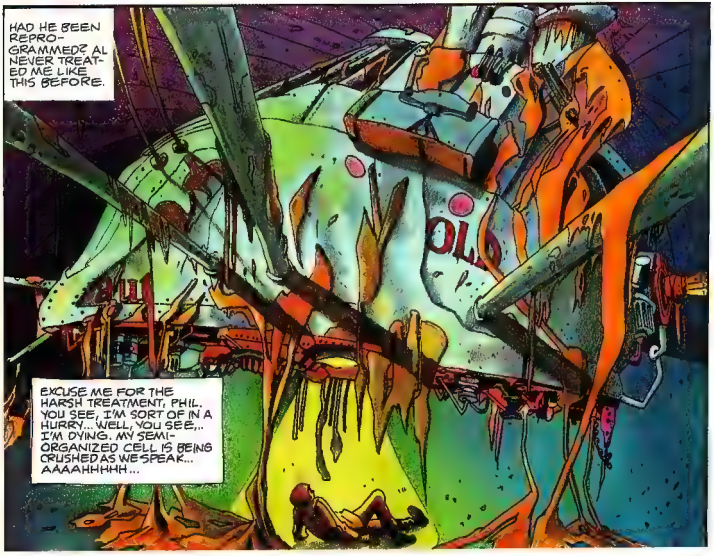

POW
HP-TO
AKEA BUFF
KRUUUUUUE

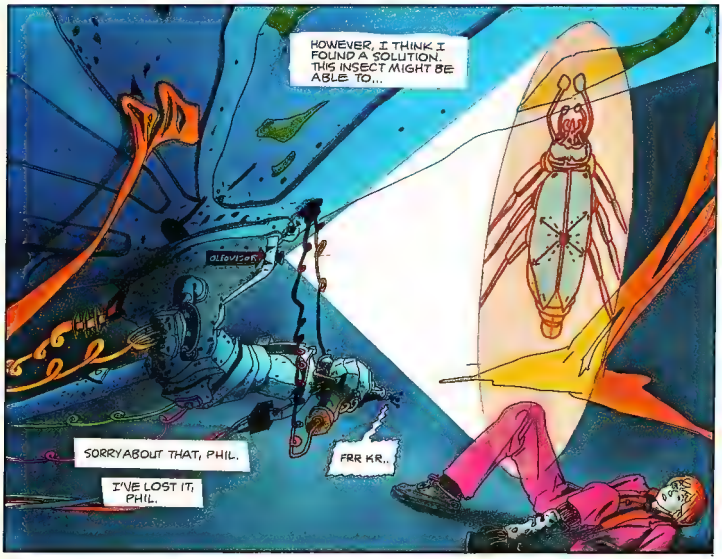
RADIA'
-NO
TRAN
THIS TIME AL WANTED TO SEE ME SO I BURNED RUBBER.
THE WHOLE BUSINESS SEEMED VERY STRANGE TO ME, WHAT WITH AL BEING DISCONNECTED AND ALL.
BUT HE WASN'T DEAD. I WAS SURE OF THAT. AL WAS TOO RESOURCEFUL FOR THAT.
I ENTERED THROUGH THE FIRST DOOR, AND DEALT WITH THE VARIOUS SECURITY CHECKS. THEY SEEMED A BIT MORE STRINGENT THAN USUAL.
THE STENCH OF DEATH PERMEATED THE BUILDING.
WHAT THE HELL COULD BE ROTTING HERE?


I DELICATELY PRESSED THE ALFA-TOROICA KEYBOARD, LIKE I ALWAYS DID, AND PRIMED AL'S MEMORY. I DECIDED TO PICK THE CONSTANT VARIANT SUPER-XL2. THIS WAS AL'S FAVORITE.
AL, MAH OLD PIG-SIGH-FRIEND! IT'S PHIL, I'M HERE AND WHAT DO I FIND, BUT YOU ALL RUSTY AND MOULDY....
KRR. BIT.. BIT.. KRR.. URR ZZT.. UOB.
BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW RUSTY AND MOULDY AL REALLY WAS. HE OVERLOADED WITHIN SECONDS.

ZIP
NO, AL! NOT LIKE THIS!




HAD HE BEEN REPROGRAMMED? AL NEVER TREATED ME LIKE THIS BEFORE.
EXCUSE ME FOR THE HARSH TREATMENT, PHIL. YOU SEE, I'M SORT OF IN A HURRY... WELL, YOU SEE,.. I'M DYING. MY SEMI-ORGANIZED CELL IS BEING CRUSHED AS WE SPEAK... AAAAHHHHH...


HOWEVER, I THINK I FOUND A SOLUTION. THIS INSECT MIGHT BE ABLE TO...
ALFEVISOR
SORRY ABOUT THAT, PHIL.
I'VE LOST IT, PHIL.
FRR KR..

AL WANTED TO SEE THE SKY FOR THE LAST TIME AND I UNROOFED THE HOUSE
YOU SEE, AL WAS AN OBSOLETE COMPUTER, AND NARY A FLOPPY DISC COULD FEED HIS WANTON NEEDS.
WHAT A SAD STORY, PHIL. VERY MOVING
FFRRRRRRR
BURONI-BERTOTTI
NOT SO SAD. I HEAR HE AND A PHONOGRAPH...

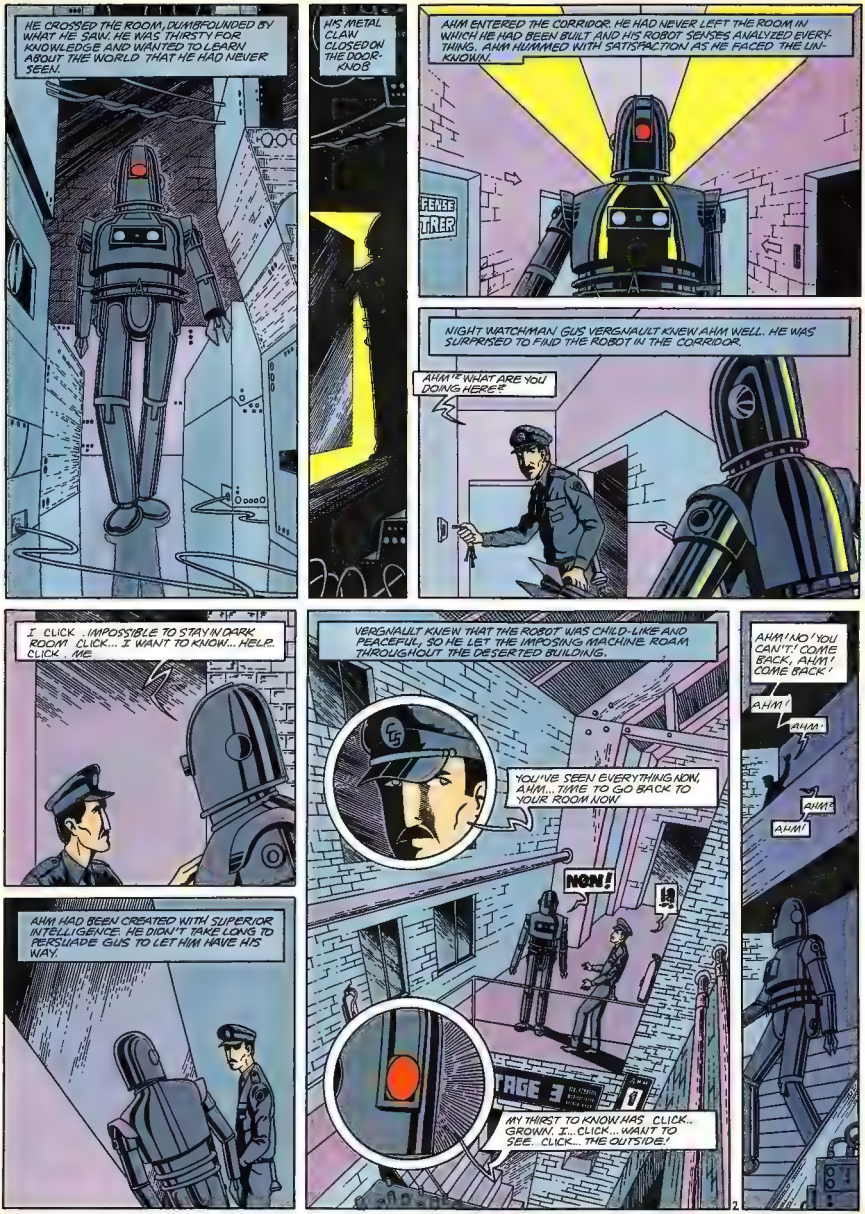
THE END

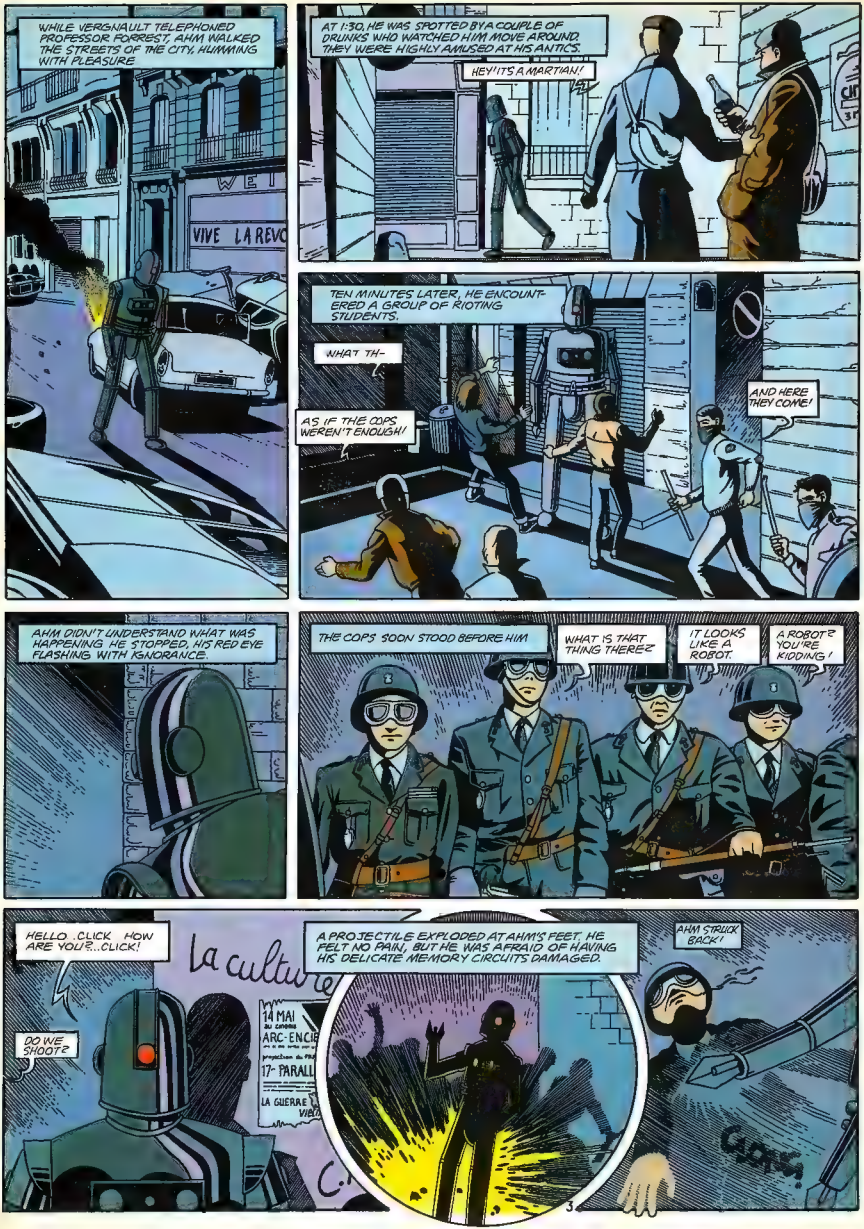
A L I E N

The first thing the Alien did when he landed on Earth was buy a pair of Foster Grants.
"Would you like the Hollywood or the Continental look?" the salesgirl asked him--
--before he tore her apart and ate her.
The owner of a candy factory, he no longer ate humans, prefering Whoppers and Big Macs.
W-45 ST
After a few weeks, the Alien dropped out of the news. He moved from city to city, working as a taxi driver, a presidential bodyguard.
I came across him in a pornographic magazine, in the arms of a naked girl--who happened to be my granddaughter.
I was shocked.
I'd never really believed in the existence of L.A., but now I found myself buying a bus ticket.
checking into a motel, walking the streets at night like George C. Scott. She wasn't hard to find--
--She was on all the X-Rated movie marquees....
I wrote a letter of protest to the Alien, who was now governor of California.
One night I turned on the TV in my motel room. The Alien was presenting an "Emmy" to my granddaughter
who apparently had her own TV show.
"Try and forget all the bad things," she wrote me, "Because they never happened.
"I'm a success now. I'm sorry you used up all your money, but the governor promised he'll help find you a job."
I started working at the studio the following week. Mostly I just stomp around in the hot sun wearing a rubber monster suit.
I guess even at my age, it isn't too late to catch the acting bug.

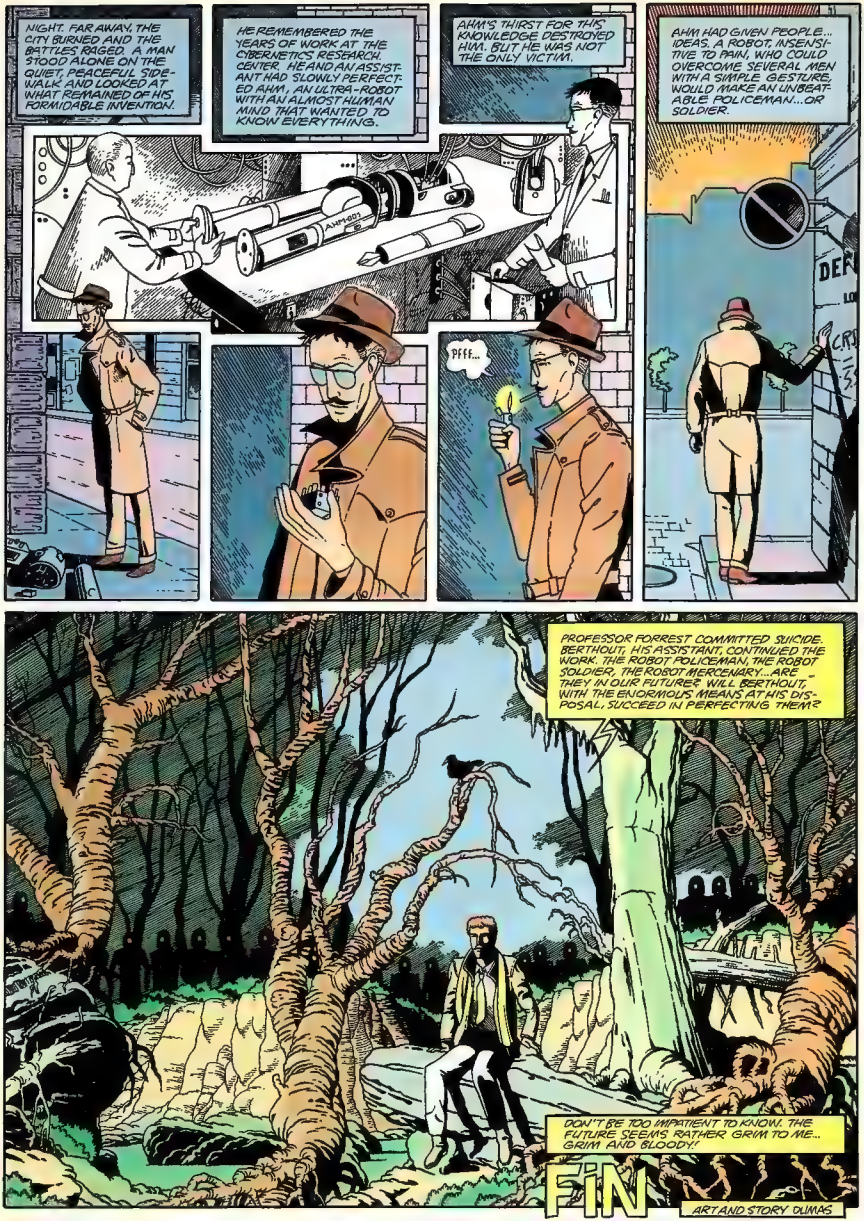
© 1984 ROD KIERKEGAARD, JR.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A ROBOT
AHM
DAVIS 82
I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF A MACHINE... A MACHINE SO PERFECT THAT IT COULD THINK AND REACT LIKE ANY ONE OF US
THIS WHOLE AFFAIR GOES BACK A FEW YEARS. IT WAS UNNOTICED BY THE PUBLIC. THEY HAD OTHER FISH TO FRY AT THE TIME.
AND WHEN I SAY OTHER FISH TO FRY...
ON THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS GREAT UNREST IN THE LATIN QUARTER.
HOWEVER, ONLY A VERY FAINT SOUND REACHED THE INTERIOR OF THE IMMENSE ROOM IMMERSED IN DARKNESS
THE RED LIGHT FLASHED ON AND A STEADY HUM FILLED THE CHAMBER.
RON RON RON
AHM HAD AWAKENED.


HE CROSSED THE ROOM, DUMBFOUNDED BY WHAT HE SAW. HE WAS THIRSTY FOR KNOWLEDGE AND WANTED TO LEARN ABOUT THE WORLD THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN.
HIS METAL CLAW CLOSED ON THE DOOR-KNOB
AHM ENTERED THE CORRIDOR. HE HAD NEVER LEFT THE ROOM IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN BUILT AND HIS ROBOT SENSES ANALYZED EVERY-THING. AHM HUMMED WITH SATISFACTION AS HE FACED THE UN-KNOWN!
NIGHT WATCHMAN GUS VERGNAULT KNEW AHM WELL. HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THE ROBOT IN THE CORRIDOR.
AHM'E WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I... CLICK... IMPOSSIBLE TO STAY IN DARK ROOM. CLICK... I WANT TO KNOW... HELP... CLICK... ME.
AHM HAD BEEN CREATED WITH SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE. HE DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO PERSUADE GUS TO LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY.
VERGNAULT KNEW THAT THE ROBOT WAS CHILD-LIKE AND PEACEFUL, SO HE LET THE IMPOSING MACHINE ROAM THROUGHOUT THE DESERTED BUILDING.
YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING NOW, AHM... TIME TO GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM NOW!
NON!
MY THIRST TO KNOW HAS... CLICK... GROWN! I... CLICK... WANT TO SEE... CLICK... THE OUTSIDE!
AHM! NO! YOU CAN'T! COME BACK, AHM! COME BACK!
AHM!
AHM!
AHM!
AHM!


WHILE VERGNAULT TELEPHONED PROFESSOR FORREST, AHM WALKED THE STREETS OF THE CITY, HUMMING WITH PLEASURE.
VIVE LA REVO
AT 1:30, HE WAS SPOTTED BY A COUPLE OF DRUNKS WHO WATCHED HIM MOVE AROUND. THEY WERE HIGHLY AMUSED BY HIS ANTICS.
HEY! IT'S A MARTIAN!
TEN MINUTES LATER, HE ENCOUNTERED A GROUP OF RIOTING STUDENTS.
WHAT TH-
AS IF THE COPS WEREN'T ENOUGH!
AND HERE THEY COME!
AHM DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS HAPPENING. HE STOPPED, HIS RED EYE FLASHING WITH IGNORANCE.
THE COPS SOON STOOD BEFORE HIM.
WHAT IS THAT THING THERE?
IT LOOKS LIKE A ROBOT.
A ROBOT? YOU'RE KIDDING!
HELLO...CLICK... HOW ARE YOU?...CLICK!
DO WE SHOOT?
A PROJECTILE EXPLODED AT AHM'S FEET. HE FELT NO PAIN, BUT HE WAS AFRAID OF HAVING HIS DELICATE MEMORY CIRCUITS DAMAGED.
AHM STRUCK BACK!
14 MAI
17- PARALL
LA GUERRE
CRASH
3

THE COPS COLLAPSED ON THE SIDEWALK.
AHM CONTINUED SLOWLY ON HIS WAY. HE HADN'T GONE VERY FAR..
...WHEN HE SAW POLICE CARS, THEIR SIRENS WAILING, HEADING THROUGH THE BURNING STREETS TOWARD HIM.
THERE! THERE HE IS! AHM! IT'S ME - STOP!
THE CARS SCREECHED TO A HALT AND FORREST GOT OUT.
GOOD GOD! NO! DON'T..
AHM WAS DRIVEN BACK AGAINST A WALL BY HORDES OF POLICE. SEARCHLIGHTS FLOODED THE AREA.
DEFENSE
HELLO...CLICK! HOW ARE YOU?
PROFESSOR FORREST TRIED TO STOP THEM.
NO... DON'T....! NOO!
THE COPS IGNORED HIM AND FIRED.
KPOW! KPAM! KPOW!
BAAM!


NIGHT. FAR AWAY, THE CITY BURNED AND THE BATTLES RAGED. A MAN STOOD ALONE ON THE QUIET, PEACEFUL SIDEWALK AND LOOKED AT WHAT REMAINED OF HIS FORMIDABLE INVENTION.
HE REMEMBERED THE YEARS OF WORK AT THE CYBERNETICS RESEARCH CENTER. HE AND AN ASSISTANT HAD SLOWLY PERFECTED AHM, AN ULTRA-ROBOT WITH AN ALMOST HUMAN MIND THAT WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.
AHM'S THIRST FOR THIS KNOWLEDGE DESTROYED HIM. BUT HE WAS NOT THE ONLY VICTIM.
AHM HAD GIVEN PEOPLE... IDEAS. A ROBOT, ASSERVATIVE TO PAIN, WHO COULD OVERCOME SEVERAL MEN WITH A SIMPLE GESTURE, WOULD MAKE AN UNBEATABLE POLICEMAN... OR SOLDIER.
AHM-001
PFFF...
PROFESSOR FORREST COMMITTED SUICIDE. BERTHOUT, HIS ASSISTANT, CONTINUED THE WORK. THE ROBOT-POLICEMAN, THE ROBOT-SOLDIER, THE ROBOT-MERCENARY... ARE THEY IN OUR FUTURE? WILL BERTHOUT, WITH THE ENORMOUS MEANS AT HIS DISPOSAL, SUCCEED IN PERFECTING THEM?
DON'T BE TOO IMPATIENT TO KNOW. THE FUTURE SEEMS RATHER GRIM TO ME... GRIM AND BLOODY!
FIN
ART AND STORY OLIVIER DUMAS

©1984 DREW FRIEDMAN

THE DUKE IS COMING

When there's
no more gooks in HELL
the Duke will walk the EARTH!

First there was
'NIGHT OF THE LIVING DUKE'
now GEORGE A. ROMERHO'S

DAWN OF THE DUKE

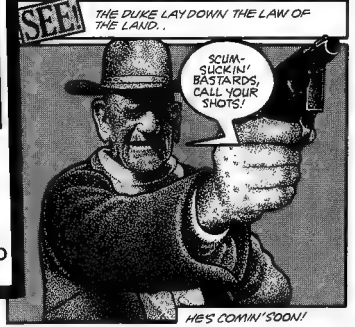
He Rose From The Dead To Lead
Troops Back Into Vietnam!

STARRING JOHN WAYNE'S CADAVER · WARD BOND
WALLY COX · SUSAN HAYWARD · VERNON DENT
Written, Produced, and Directed by GEORGE A. ROMERHO

CINEMASCOPE

ALL AGES ADMITTED General Audiences

POSTER CONCEPT: J.A. FRIEDMAN



PRESENTING...TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT...

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AH, BUT IT'S TRUE, MY DEAR!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND...
AND
...AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous "

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman."

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin' " and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien."

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#34/JANUARY '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs.

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues; Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#43/OCTOBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: Cover by Hajime Sorayama Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal inside.

#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Starenko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax.

#52/JULY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman

#74/MAY '83: Kaluta and Lee's stagestruck "Starstruck," "Marlowskitz" the robotic detective, and the conclusion of Manara and Pisu's "The Ape."

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomsculit," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York", and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull is interviewed John DiFool returns And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed Angus McKie and Charles Burns return Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman Plus Joe Kubert in Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover

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He Came From WITHIN

SOMEWHERE, ENMESHED IN THE WET FOLDS OF PRIMEVAL SPACE TIME..
AND SO, PISCO ARE YOU READY FOR COMBAT?
YES, YOUR SUPREME FECUNDITY. .AS SOON AS THE LAYING OF THE EGG IS FINISHED.
FIGHT, MY LITTLE ONES.
AND REMEMBER.. YOUR MOTHER WILL BE WATCHING YOU!

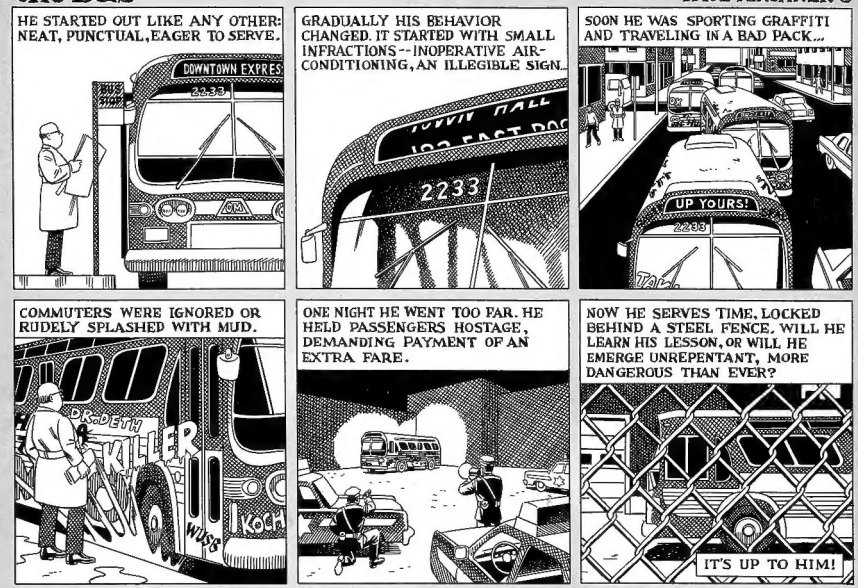
DEATH TO THE MAGINARS!
KILL THE RATIOS!
HAHA! THE SHARKS WILL CLEAN UP THAT MESS!
BADOUM!
LATER, AFTER THE BATTLE...
IS IT STILL WORKING?
YES, AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND A MAGINAR IN AS GOOD WORKING CONDITION.
OVER THERE!
YES! AND HE SEEMS TO BE ALIVE!

THE TWO SURVIVORS ARE LED INTO THE PALACE OF THE SUPREME FECUNDITY.
HERE THEY ARE. THE ONLY TWO LEFT.
ONE OF EACH? EXCELLENT! BUT ARE THEY OF EQUAL STRENGTH?
SPARE ME, OR YOU WILL DIE! YOU NEED ME!
GOOD! GOOD! I LIKE THEM! THEY HAVE SPUNK! LET THEM BE SUBMITTED TO THE TEST OF FIRE!

IT'S A BOY, MRS. SMITH!
I WAS BORN BECAUSE OF AN ERROR OF THE WIND AND SEA. I LIVE BY THE RHYTHM OF THE TIDES. I KNOW NOTHING OF STRANGE FISH OR METALOIDS. ALL I DO KNOW IS THAT IT SEEMS SAFER OUT HERE THAN IT WAS IN THERE!

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©


HE STARTED OUT LIKE ANY OTHER: NEAT, PUNCTUAL, EAGER TO SERVE.
DOWNTOWN EXPRES
GRADUALLY HIS BEHAVIOR CHANGED. IT STARTED WITH SMALL INFRACTIONS -- INOPERATIVE AIR-CONDITIONING, AN ILLEGIBLE SIGN...
2233
SOON HE WAS SPORTING GRAFFITI AND TRAVELING IN A BAD PACK...
UP YOURS!
2233
COMMUTERS WERE IGNORED OR RUDELY SPLASHED WITH MUD.
KILLER
ONE NIGHT HE WENT TOO FAR. HE HELD PASSENGERS HOSTAGE, DEMANDING PAYMENT OF AN EXTRA FARE.
NOW HE SERVES TIME, LOCKED BEHIND A STEEL FENCE. WILL HE LEARN HIS LESSON, OR WILL HE EMERGE UNREPENTANT, MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER?
IT'S UP TO HIM!

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